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The Ordeal of Owen Lattimore

FOR nearly three years the witch-hunters have been pursuing Professor Owen Lattimore; now they have trapped him with an indictment for alleged perjury in the course of Senator McCarran's investigation of the Institute of Pacific Relations. The fresh ordeal of a long political trial confronts him. He has already described in his book, *Ordeal by Slander*, the harrowing experience of the hearings that followed Senator McCarthy's wild allegation that he was the "top Soviet agent in the United States." This charge was blown to the winds; the inquiry exposed it as one of McCarthy's calculated falsehoods. It also showed that it was ludicrous to call Mr. Lattimore the "architect of disaster in Asia" because he reluctantly decided, in common with all other persons informed about China, that Chiang Kai-shek was a forlorn hope for the Americans.

Mr. Lattimore won this round at great personal and financial cost. But it was not allowed to rest. As one of the foremost authorities on East Asia, Mr. Lattimore has committed the unforgiveable crime of speaking his mind and being right when a more cautious and less honest man would have trimmed his views to the political wind. This may explain the fury with which the Kuomintang and the China Lobby have been pursuing him. Frustrated by the clearance which Owen Lattimore received from the Tydings Committee, they next carried their vendetta into the McCarran Committee—where they could count on the enthusiastic co-operation of its chairman—which was then seeking to prove that the Institute of Pacific Relations was a Communist "front," and that Mr. Lattimore was a knowing and willing dupe of Soviet agents who were trying to steer the United States into support of the Chinese Communists. On this occasion, the witch-hunters were rather more clever. After raking over the whole of Lattimore's long and distinguished career, and discovering in it nothing that any reasonable man would regard as in any way dishonourable, the McCarran Committee denounced him as a "conscious, articulate instrument of Soviet policy."

After the McCarran Committee hearings were over, the transcript was sent to the Department of Justice, together with a recommendation that Mr. Lattimore be indicted for perjury—a proposal on which Mr. McGranery, the Attorney-General, has now acted. There are seven counts in the indictment; two of them may serve to show the lengths to which the witch-hunters have been driven in order to bring Mr. Lattimore to trial. One is that he denied knowing, before 1950, that a Chinese official named Chi Ch'ao-ting was a Communist. Mr. Chi is now a chief of the People's Bank of China, but at the time Mr. Lattimore knew him he was, first, the personal assistant to H. H. Kung, Chiang Kai-shek's brother-in-law, and then research director of the (Kuomintang) Bank of China! He may have been an under-cover Communist all this time, but if so it must have been unknown even to Chiang's pertinacious secret police. Was Owen Lattimore to know any better?

A much more disturbing count, however, is the charge that Mr. Lattimore committed perjury in stating that he had "never been a sympathiser or any other kind of promoter of Communism or Communist interests." This count, it should be noted, was not among those originally proposed by the McCarran Committee, but was added by the Department of Justice. This makes the matter much more serious. For it means that the Administration, in its last days of office, has finally accepted the most dangerous assumptions of the witch-hunters. How is a man to prove that he has not been a "Communist sympathiser" or, a much looser definition, a "promoter of Communist interests"? Such phrases have no judicial precision. These are categories in which every liberal in the United States is liable to find himself. They were frequently employed against President Roosevelt. Anyone who supported Lend-Lease to Russia may thus be condemned. Anyone who argued for collective security in the Thirties may be exposed to a similar charge. It is, indeed, but a short step to declaring that everyone who at any time has criticised the Kuomintang regime for its corruption and its inefficiency thereby "promoted Communist interests." It would make no difference if such criticism came from those—such as

General Marshall—who thought Chiang was wasting his assets and failing to fight the Communists in the most effective way; "objectively," all these critics aided Communism. Such reasoning, and such blanket denunciations smack more of Prague than of the traditions of Western justice.

If this accusation is successfully sustained against Owen Lattimore, then the United States will have moved a long way towards a totalitarianism of the Right. It needs great optimism to believe that it will fail. The present political climate in the U.S. is such that in trials of this kind juries are open to a degree of intimidation and persuasion that only very strong and independent minds can resist. In the Hiss case, it will be recalled, the four jurors who voted for acquittal in the first trial were subsequently identified and much abused, and even the judge was publicly denounced on the floor of the Senate. And, as the Lattimore case has been in and out of the newspaper headlines for almost three years, it will be very hard to find jurors whose minds have not been already prejudiced by press publicity.

The ordeal that Mr. Lattimore must now endure will be harder than all that has gone before. He faces proceedings that will be ruinously expensive, personally exhausting, and politically outrageous. If he is convicted, a staggering blow will have been struck at the liberties of all Americans and at the reputation of American justice.

The Kenya Settlers

We regret that Mr. Michael Blundell, to whose comparative liberalism in Kenya politics we have more than once paid particular tribute, should have found it necessary, no doubt for internal political reasons, to charge Mr. Kingsley Martin with misrepresenting the situation in Kenya. Other letters we have received suggest that the impression to which Mr. Blundell refers may be the result of the publication, not of our articles, but of extracts from them in some Kenya newspapers. These articles were intended to present a balanced picture of an extremely difficult situation; and, to support Mr. Blundell by emphasising the harm done by extremists, Mr. Martin laid special emphasis on the fact that the "extremists" are only a small minority.

Mr. Blundell makes two specific complaints. The first is that Mr. Martin exaggerated the amount of good land held by the settlers. Obviously this is a question of definition. We agree that it would have been less controversial, and in this case, therefore, wiser, to adopt the simple device of correlating the Highlands with good land. On that definition, as Mr. Blundell points out, the Carter Commission can be quoted to the effect that Europeans own 18 per cent. of the Highlands, and even (irrelevantly to the problem of ownership) that 400,000 Africans work for Europeans on this land. This does not affect Mr. Martin's point, which may be restated in the form that 18 per cent. of the Highlands belongs to about 3,000 settlers in a total population of over 5 millions, and that this arouses envy in the minds of the Kikuyu whose reserves are admittedly grossly congested. Mr. Blundell also objects to our reference to a discussion about whether European women ought to flog Africans, but we can vouch for this actual conversation, which was, in fact, far more violent and vulgar than we suggested; we also refer Mr. Blundell to the letter from Miss Helen Richards that we publish side by side with his own. Mr. Blundell is well aware that, if we had wished to exacerbate opinion, we could have quoted, in support, shocking cases in the Kenya courts and added, for better measure, many remarks like the suggestion of Colonel Grogan, that Mau Mau should be dealt with by the public hanging of 25 Kikuyu as a warning to the others. But we need not emphasise what Mr. Blundell knows very well—that we have greatly understated the extremism of some of his colleagues, and done our best to emphasise the desire of the more moderate settlers to find a more statesmanlike way out of Kenya's difficulties.

French North Africa

For the moment, the strong hand has yielded dividends for the French in North Africa. The Moroccan protest strikes have been broken, and General Guillaume can fairly claim that he has the situation "under control." In Tunisia, the Bey has accepted, under the pressure of a threat that refusal would lead to the imposition of a Council of Regency, two items of the French "reform" programme.

It would be premature, however, to conclude that France has settled her North African problem. The two decrees which the Bey of Tunis has reluctantly sealed establish municipal and regional councils. In the cities the municipal councils are to be chosen by electoral colleges —one of Tunisians, the other of French *colons*—on a parity basis. The Neo-Destour party, which has declared that it will not recognise the validity of decrees signed under duress, has consistently objected to French participation in municipal government unless a sovereign National Assembly for Tunisia were established. In the list of further French "concessions" which has yet to be presented to the Bey, provision is made for the creation of a National Assembly, but it is to be nominated—at any rate in the first instance—and is to have purely consultative functions. This is hardly calculated to satisfy the aspirations of Tunisian nationalists.

The Red Cross and the U.N.

Mr. Gromyko's move in the General Assembly to debate the Communist allegations of "mass murder" of prisoners a week ago on Pongam Island, follows hard on the disclosure by the International Committee of the Red Cross that it had last May accused the U.N. Command in Korea of violating the Geneva Conventions in a series of incidents in April which involved the prisoners on the island of Koje. Very inadequate reports on the Red Cross statement and on the incidents which prompted it have so far appeared in the press. Koje was the scene of the rioting in February which the International Red Cross described fully in another report made public last May (London Diary, May 24). The incidents which were the cause of the new Red Cross announcement seem to have been entirely separate from the February riots, though intermittent reports suggest that the compounds on Koje had been in continuous unrest for many months. General Clark has now published his version of the April incidents; he claims that the minimum force was used to deal with a group of mutinous prisoners. The episode casts a curious light on an occasion in the Commons on November 6. Mr. Driberg then accused Mr. Eden of suppressing Red Cross complaints about U.N. treatment of prisoners in the May report. This charge was vigorously denied by Mr. Eden, who was correct in saying that the report in question, which dealt only with the February incidents, made no such complaint. If, however, Mr. Eden then knew (as he surely must?) of the April incidents and the Red Cross accusation which had followed in May, he was much less than candid in his rebuttal of Mr. Driberg's charges. In any case, it seems an extraordinary state of affairs that the public here and in the U.S. should not hear of the Red Cross complaint until the publication of a routine report seven months later.

Party Spirit in Vienna

The People's Peace Congress in Vienna, which ended last Saturday with the passing of two so-called Acts of Congress, was the most serious attempt since Stockholm to draw pacifists, neutralists and non-fellow-travellers into the Cominform "peace" campaign. The organisers were able to publicise the attendance of a number of distinguished delegates who are in no sense Communists. Moreover, the main clauses of the Acts—a call to the five Great Powers to sign a peace pact, to end the wars in Korea, Viet Nam and Malaya, to ban the atomic bomb and bacteriological warfare and to unite the two zones in Germany—are in themselves causes which all men of good will can embrace. Why, then, has the Congress failed to inspire the imagination of ordinary men and women in the West, who hate war and increasingly fear its imminence? The stock answer of Western propagandists that the Acts amount to nothing more than a catalogue of policy objectives of the Soviet Foreign Office is too crudely stated to be convincing. If the Soviet Union really desires peace, do not we all? Must a good cause become discreditable merely because it is adopted by an enemy? The underlying justification for Western suspicions is well brought out by the complaint of Canon C. F. Harman, a non-Communist delegate from Britain. Encouraged by assurances that Vienna would be a genuine forum for spontaneous public discussion, he, with others, had posed several pertinent questions: why had the Soviet Union rejected the Indian proposals for a Korean truce? What were the prospects of the repatriation of the German prisoners of war from Russia? Could not the people's democracies adopt "a more peaceful approach" to political and racial minorities? No answer was vouchsafed to any of these questions. They embodied the mortal sin of criticising Soviet policy. While the Cominform and its stooges refuse to acknowledge that the supreme duty of making peace calls for sacrifices and genuine self-criticism from both halves of the world, public opinion on this side of the Iron Curtain is right to judge that the "good causes" of the Communist half are being prostituted in the interests of a foreign policy which in fact sets Communist victory before peace.

New Town Problems

The Development Corporations in the New Towns are rightly concerned by the high rents that they are being driven to charge for their flats and houses. The Crawley Corporation, which lays special stress on this problem in its annual report, is already finding that a disturbing number of its newcomers are moving or thinking of moving back to London because they cannot afford the rent of their new houses. The other New Towns are also finding that their rents are being compared unfavourably with those of similar houses erected by local housing authorities. The root cause of the trouble is that New Town rents reflect the economic cost of the houses, which do not receive the same subsidies as those built by local Councils. They are, moreover, subject to the Rent Restrictions Acts—local authority estates are exempt—and, since the Corporations are concerned almost exclusively with construction, there are no other heads of expenditure against which the housing account can be balanced. The recent increase in interest charges and the general rise in building costs have aggravated this problem. The obvious remedy, though the Treasury will not like it, is to provide a subsidy that brings New Town and Council rents into line.

Another problem becoming urgent in the New Towns that are most advanced—Crawley, Harlow and Hemel Hempstead, for instance—is the need for community and amenity buildings. These cannot be built without special grants and, under present conditions, special permission. Meeting halls and new cinemas may seem luxuries; but it is unreasonable to decant thousands of people into strange districts where they must indefinitely forgo those amenities which city dwellers take for granted.

The Miners' Pay

There seems to have been little of the spirit of Yuletide goodwill at last week's delegate conference of the N.U.M. It had before it the N.C.B.'s offer of a shilling a day increase in the minimum rates for day-wage men, with the proviso that piece-work rates should be stabilised for a further year, and a guarantee given that Saturday shifts would be continued throughout 1953. This offer, which would still have left the "take-home" money of "day" men at only about £7 a week underground and £6 a week on the surface, seems to have been unanimously rejected. There was a substantial militant minority which wanted immediate counter-attack—the cessation forthwith of Saturday working, or even the handing in of a general strike notice. The majority was content to leave it to the Executive to seek a more acceptable increase in day wages; but it was obvious that the guarantee which the N.C.B. sought would not be forthcoming. The moral is that, if 1953 is not to see serious unrest and stoppages—at any rate in Scotland and South Wales—the task of reclassifying jobs, and formulating a new, more rational wage structure throughout the industry, will have to be tackled by the N.C.B. as a matter of extreme urgency. Though the abortive strike of the Yorkshire winders—in peculiarly inappropriate circumstances—was surmounted by the Board with the help of the N.U.M., the industry cannot afford to have local trouble with aggrieved minorities.

Funds of Our Fathers

For centuries the State has been trying, with fitful enthusiasm, to fill the gaps left by private charity. Now that private charity must be relied on to fill the gaps left by the State, it has become apparent that many charitable trusts are being devoted to objects already well provided for, while others are on the point of extinction through lack of funds.

No one knows how many charitable trusts there are in England and Wales. Because the Minister of Education now has an interest in educational trusts—he is empowered by an Act of 1948 to see that they are administered rationally—it is known that there are 30,000 devoted to educational purposes alone. The others—supporting projects as varied as the Fulbourne Bread and Sixpences Fund (established 1474), the relief of children orphaned by the sinking of the *Titanic* in 1912, and a 1951 bequest for a Baptist minister's manse at Edgbaston—are believed to number about 110,000 and to own £200,000,000 and a vast amount of land. More than half of them succour "the poor and the sick" with doles of money and gifts in kind, most of these being now enjoyed by people who are neither sick nor poor. However much the circumstances may have changed since the date of the bequest or gift, every trust must be so administered as to conform "as nearly as possible" to the donor's original intention. This is the effect of the ancient legal doctrine known as "cy-près" (Norman-French for "as near as possible"); and it offers considerable scope for ingenuity in cases where the purpose of the charity is (for example) to relieve Englishmen sold into slavery by Barbary pirates or to ensure that a sermon in Low Dutch shall be preached annually to Huguenots in a Norwich church.

When Lord Beveridge, having presented his vast social welfare scheme to the country, wrote the subsequent report on methods of social advance which he called *Voluntary Action*, attention was at last focused on all these eccentric survivals. His book made it obvious that there must be a thorough inquiry, not merely in order that they might be rationalised through a relaxation of the *cy-près* doctrine which had bound the courts for centuries, but also—to quote Lord Samuel's motion in the House of Lords on June 22, 1949—"to call attention to the need for the encouragement of voluntary action to promote social progress." The popular idea that the State was now all-providing threatened with extinction many charities that were still, and are likely to remain, an integral part of the fabric of social life in England.

The Labour Government decided against a Royal Commission: the famous one headed by Lord Brougham had deliberated for 19 years, said Lord Pakenham in his reply to the debate on Lord Samuel's motion. This problem was pressing: the waste, anachronism, and anomaly must be exposed and remedied, and the quickest way to that end was to set up the Charitable Trusts Committee which, after exactly three years' work under Lord Nathan's chairmanship, has just presented its Report (*Cmd.* 8710, *Stationery Office*, 6s 6d.)

Its main proposal, a welcome and essential one, is that the *cy-près* doctrine be relaxed so that the purposes of a trust may be changed without waiting until they have become literally impossible to carry out—a process that often takes generations. Then, as though stepping back on the defensive, the Report points out that all these thousands of trusts have for many years enjoyed an increasingly valuable privilege in the form of exemption from income tax. "At the present time this privilege amounts approximately to the doubling by the State of the income of every charitable trust in the country." The State thus acquires some interest in, if not responsibility for, the way the money is spent. To this the trustees themselves might well reply that the Trustee Act, 1925, by limiting their range of investment to fixed income stock—now greatly reduced in value by inflation and the cheap-money policy—has probably cancelled what benefit they might have got from tax exemption. The Report has an answer ready. The range of investment should be extended, it says, to shares—even ordinary shares—in any financial, industrial, or commercial company quoted on the London Stock Exchange.

The Committee proposes, in effect, that the Charity Commissioners (whose office is just a century old), the Court of Chancery, the Minister of Education, the County Councils, the L.C.C. and the Metropolitan Boroughs shall have power to initiate a public inquiry into any charitable trust not deemed to be serving either its original or any other useful purpose. Only thus could obsolescence and waste be tackled, though some opposition to the proposal will come from the numerous little secretariats nurturing obsolete and thwarted charities; and the non-Departmental Minister who, it is proposed, would answer in Parliament for the newly constituted Board of Charity Commissioners might expect a few years of lively contention until the more fantastic survivals had been turned to the public benefit.

It is a matter for some regret that the Committee should have been given to understand, on appointment, that for reasons not disclosed in the Report they were not to concern themselves with dormant funds held by banks and by the Court of Chancery. It is believed that the latter holds about £3,000,000 of "frustrated" money, paid into court by the Public Trustee and other agencies unable to fulfil the original wishes of donors or testators; while the banks retain dormant balances which may amount to £16,000,000, representing sums intended to relieve victims of tragedies now long forgotten—colliery explosions, floods, shipwrecks, earthquakes, famines and other "acts of God." But much may be forgiven in the name of expeditiousness. The Government has acted promptly enough in introducing its Bill to give effect to the Report's recommendation that trusts which are both charitable and non-charitable shall now be validated. (A charitable trust is one that must keep its capital intact, spending income only; the position of trusts expending both income and capital has always been ambiguous.) There is accordingly a feel-

ing that a decision on the rest of the recommendations may not be long delayed.

As for intestacies, which at present go to what is called "the relief of the National Debt" at the rate of £100,000 a year, these may find a new and more imaginative purpose in the form of subsidies to local "Common Good Trusts." Lords Samuel and Beveridge have been urging for years the establishment of Common Good Trusts, long popular in Scotland and more recently in America, which hold funds available to assist any kind of public amenity for which money is not otherwise forthcoming, including valuable existing organisations such as the National Trust, the National Art-Collections Fund, and the Arts Council. Local Common Good Trusts could, for example, save some of the famous orchestras now facing dissolution for lack of funds. An obvious corollary would be a *national* Common Good Trust, serving purely national purposes. Most bequests being made to charity to-day are small, and tied to a specific purpose, or area, or both. If a Common Good Trust were available, a testator might well be disposed to leave money to it eventually, even if he insisted that before doing so it should endow some finite preoccupation of his own.

Lord Nathan's Committee have carried out a complicated and daunting task with remarkable dispatch and thoroughness; and it is a fortunate circumstance, having regard to the potential dullness of its subject, that their Report is conspicuously well-written and readable.

Gathering Atom Fuel

WHEN Ministers and atomic energy executives say that there will not be industrial atomic energy for ten, fifteen, twenty, or fifty years, that is not prophesy; it is a statement of policy, because the peaceful applications are just as near or as far away as the degree of effort and intention determines. With expense no object and military policy paramount, it has proved possible to produce a fission bomb in five years from its initiation and a fusion, or hydrogen, bomb in two years. The industrial uses do not involve fundamental problems of the same magnitude nor expenditures of the same order, but they are in conflict with military requirements. There is a limited number of technicians—physicists, metallurgists, chemists and engineers—qualified to undertake this type of work. If all or most of them are engaged on the military aspects of atomic energy, then, obviously, industrial development is retarded. Just as you cannot build a dairy herd and get milk from it if you kill all the calves for veal, neither can you create piles for the production of electricity if you stockpile all the atomic fuel you obtain from existing piles.

It is encouraging, therefore, to learn that the progress which has been made with the experimental "breeding" pile at Harwell Atomic Energy Research Establishment has been so satisfactory that it has been decided to go ahead with a full-scale "breeding" pile which will be a prototype for an industrial installation. The British Electricity Authority is profoundly interested in this project because the curve of expanding consumption of electricity means that, by 1960, steam-generated electricity will need 13 million more tons of coal per annum and an alternative source (*i.e.*, atomic generation) becomes a matter not merely of academic interest but of urgent necessitity. Already, since November, 1950, atomic power has been used domestically at Harwell itself. The excess heat which is generated by the existing uranium-into-plutonium pile, and which has to be removed to cool the pile, has been used to heat the buildings, and provide domestic hot water.

Large-scale generating plants, however, are in a different category. They have to generate heat as a primary purpose and they have to prove economical. The answer is a "breeding" pile—a system which produces more fuel than it consumes. In principle, it consists of a pile within a pile, a primary "furnace" of fissionable material which renders fissionable an enveloping mass of other material. The interior "furnace" may consist of uranium 235, the charge of the Hiroshima bomb, or of plutonium, the man-made element which was the charge of the Nagasaki and Monte Bello bombs. These generate enormous heat, even under the controlled conditions, and also produce a flux of neutrons—the atomic particles which enter into the nuclei of other atoms and render them unstable and in some cases convert them into fissionable elements capable of maintaining a chain reaction.

The problems and possibilities of such a breeding pile have been discussed and examined at Harwell since its foundation, but its development was held up by the operation of the U.S. McMahon Act, which prevented the exchange of information or materials between the war-time atomic energy partnership. "We had, therefore, not only to build the Research Establishment at Harwell," Sir John Cockcroft, the Director, has said, "but we had to build factories for the production of uranium metal at Springfields, in Lancashire, and for the production of plutonium at Windscale, in Cumberland." With supplies available from these sources, Harwell has constructed "Zephyr," a low-energy pile on the breeder principle, and it has provided the data for a high-power breeder reactor, with which it has now been decided to proceed.

The Americans went ahead with a breeder reactor programme at Arco, Idaho, and some details have been released. It is apparently designed to burn fissionable uranium 235 in uranium 238, the more abundant form. This produces plutonium. The core, or internal furnace, is about the size of a football, surrounded by the common uranium. The heat is transferred to the electricity generating unit by a coolant of liquid metal—an alloy of sodium and potassium. It is already functioning and providing electricity for its own immediate purposes but it has not apparently, thus far, proved that it can produce more fuel than it consumes. But, if and when the process succeeds, the plant experts estimate that 20 pounds of natural uranium will provide 51,800,000 kilowatt-hours of electricity, enough to light the homes of a fair-sized city for a year.

The original conception at Harwell, however, was to use not uranium but thorium as the enveloping material. Thorium is the element which is familiar as the coating of gas-mantles; but under bombardment of neutrons (from a uranium or plutonium core) it is converted into uranium 233, yet a third chain-reacting material. The importance of this is that thorium is a fairly abundant element—it exists in large quantities in the monazite sands of India—and its conversion in this process would provide an alternative to uranium, for which there is such a high competitive demand. Apart from that, Cockcroft has said that natural uranium is not a satisfactory answer to the breeding problem because of its low "utilisation."

This breeding process is like continually stoking a furnace and finding that the pixies (*i.e.*, the neutrons) have put more fuel in the cellar than has been taken out. Ideally, a power-breeder should function for 30 years without replenishment. That may be difficult to maintain; but, a long way short of that, atomic power for electricity generation would still be economic and —in fuel terms—cheaper than other sources. The heavy cost factor lies in the capital outlay on an atomic-power station as compared with existing installations. One of the heavy expenses is the elaborate safety precautions necessary to protect the staff and the community from radiation hazards; but as experience grows the limits will, with safety, be reduced. And it is well to be reminded that "atomic energy" is confined to the furnace process which provides temperatures higher than have hitherto been possible to drive turbines. Beyond that the electricity is quite conventional and is fed through the same cables and wires and responds to the same switches.

A debate has been raging in America on the economics of industrial atomic energy, but it has been coloured by the fact that it would be in competition with existing sources of generation and with the powerful interests involved. These sources are still abundant in the U.S., but the same is not true here. Apart from our domestic needs, it behoves Britain to get well ahead in this development and have atomic reactors for export, because it is in the new countries that the big future lies. For atomic energy is footloose energy independent of geological locations of coal or oil or of hydro-electric potentials. It does not require elaborate systems of ground transportation and can be located in remote areas. Given the proper encouragement and direction of the necessary resources, Britain is much nearer the industrial development of atomic energy than has been officially admitted so far.

RITCHIE CALDER

London Diary

THE last Christmas cards were posted; tickets for the pantomime party were secured. Work for the moment seemed impossible and the newspapers produced nothing but depression. At last the opportunity I'd long talked of, but always avoided, was unmistakably here. I would really go through my books and throw out those dead, out of date or never again likely to be consulted.

The first shelf was mainly German books. This stuff about the Nazis—surely that's, as they say, a closed book now? Here is the *Brown Book of the Hitler Terror*. Many people had a hand in that. The authors included Otto Katz and Willie Münzenburg and Arthur Koestler and Harry Pollitt. The object was to show that it was Göring who lit the Reichstag Fire, and the *N.S. & N.* was banned in Germany for saying the same thing. It was one of the Big Lies on which Hitler climbed to power. A closed book now? Otto has been hanged because of another Big Lie, quoting, at the end, I'm told, from the last words of Rubashov in Koestler's *Darkness at Noon*. I think he wanted to tell his comrades that he, too, was being framed and murdered. So the book seems up to date after all. I suppose, though, that *The House that Hitler Built* and this *History of the House of Krupp* and all this row of volumes about militarism and the ideology of Nazism are dead enough? We won the war didn't we? Well, if these pre-war books from the Thirties are not quite dead this one surely is? George Young on the *New Germany* (1918). That tells how we aborted the German revolution after the First World War, and so made the second war certain. *Must* be out of date. We wouldn't do a

thing like that a second time would we? And here is a row of the anti-war literature of the Twenties. Here is *All Quiet on the Western Front*; Siegfried Sassoon and Ludwig Renn; Robert Graves and C. E. Montague. This sounds more promising—*The Nightmare of American Policy* by Edgar Mowrer? Here anyway are two safe discards. The first is an excellent book by an American professor, *Agenda for the Post-war World* (1942). Dead as mutton. And this one, too. *British Opinions in* 1947! I was about to throw that on the rubbish pile, when the list of authors on the cover caught my eye. The first name was George Bernard Shaw and the last was Kingsley Martin. It's very difficult to discard books.

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I am much intrigued by Malcolm Muggeridge's elevation to the editorship of *Punch*. Maybe some original puckish element, recently dimmed by much broadcasting, had survived and made him less eligible than we all thought for the Chair of the *Daily Telegraph*? Or maybe he just decided that politics are horrid and that *Punch* might be fun? He has always been incalculable ever since as a young man he showed a radical tinge in Egypt that pleased Arthur Ransome and got him on to the *Manchester Guardian*, where he used to boast he was the only man who had persuaded C. P. Scott to print an improper word in the "long leader"; that probably was because the old gentleman didn't read verse very carefully, even when it was by Swinburne. Then he revolted against Manchester, the *Guardian* and all its works, declared himself a Communist, and went to Moscow. He quickly found the Muscovites unco-operative, the housing conditions shocking, and British visitors during the famine extremely gullible and the natural butts for his sharpest satire. Disliking Communism even more than Manchester, he became one of the leaders of Right-wing Thought. Recently I have thought that the fund of his hatreds was beginning to run out. He was in danger of becoming reasonable. Maybe it is alarm at this prospect that has sent him to *Punch*, where I hope he may found a new *genre* of British humour—something as stimulating as the *New Yorker* when it began. Something with a tinge of malice and a spice of mischief.

* * *

Reading Peking's enormous Report on Germ Warfare has left me just where I was before I started. There are 650 pages of it, masses of illustrations and diagrams and enough facts, one would say at first sight, to convince all the Fellows of the Royal Society. A first-class medical authority with long experience of Asiatic diseases, whom I asked to study it, is not, however, at all impressed. He is ready with a long list of contradictions, absurdities, and even, he thinks, impossibilities. I doubt if they are worth reciting. For this reason. Joseph Needham and his fellow scientists, who signed this report, do not pretend that they have examined the evidence. They have been shown holes in the ground, read reports, and listened to the conclusions of Chinese scientists whom they know to be men of integrity. Objectively, I fear, this counts for very little. I do not suggest that any of these scientists were liars, but neither were the famous British Professors who in the first world war signed documents about the Germans on the basis of Belgian atrocity stories that were later exposed as baseless. Many of these Chinese germs have snow on their boots. The critical spirit is in abeyance in China; it does not survive the exhilarating atmosphere of revolution, and it automatically rejects any doubts about the utter wickedness of the American capitalist invader. At such times a rumour, once started, is confirmed by evidence from every quarter. There were villages in every part of England in the last war where it was an absolute article of faith that Lord Haw-Haw had shown special knowledge of the time according to their church clock.

* * *

This does not prove that the Americans have not carried out germ warfare in China. It merely suggests that, once the idea had got going, the Peking authorities exploited its propagandist possibilities. The propaganda served two purposes. First, it maintained war hatred against the United States. Secondly, it enabled Peking to begin a magnificent hygiene and Public Health campaign. For the first time, Chinese peasants were readily persuaded to adopt measures of sanitation, to kill flies and hunt down vermin. It woke up the hospital authorities and set all the children agog for cleanliness and hygiene. The question remains whether all this vast pyramid of propaganda was built on any basis of fact. There is one piece of real evidence. Four American airmen have described (with some inconsistency) lectures given to them by army officers on germ warfare and confessed that they have dropped germ bombs. Probably these airmen, like the British scientists, were swept along in a wave of enthusiasm for the New China. They were excellently treated, and were no doubt genuinely horrified when they saw what bombing had done to Chinese peasants. It is also true, if you carefully read the evidence of these airmen rather than the comments of the scientists, that there is no precise evidence. They agree that lectures on bacteriological warfare were given. The American authorities reply that lectures on defence against germ warfare are a matter of routine. The airmen say they were instructed to drop bombs from low elevation, carrying something not explosive. Putting these two things together you may believe, if you like, in spite of U.S. denials, that the War Department decided to experiment with an out-of-date type of bacteriological warfare, dubiously alleged to have been used by the Japanese ten years ago. If so, it would be almost certainly a small experimental affair, organised by a Special Service unit, probably unknown to the regular army command. But there seems no conclusive reason to think it ever happened at all.

* * *

I want to congratulate Mrs. Hill, wife of the Vicar of Matfen, Northumberland, for having committed the legal offence of tearing up and throwing into the river twenty steel gins which "caused needless agony to rabbits, cats, dogs, and other animals." The report adds that she was haunted by the cries of these miserable beasts, that her offer to substitute humane traps approved by the R.S.P.C.A. was refused, so that in the end she broke the law and obeyed her conscience. I doubt if this horror of gin-traps, reported from many parts of the country, will be ended until other men and women follow Mrs. Hill's example. It is in the finest tradition of British law-breaking; reforms wait for the individual brave enough conscientiously to break bad laws.

* * *

Strong though the case looks for legislating against "dangerous weapons," I think the Home Secretary was right in rejecting any idea that the Government should undertake what he called the censorship of toys. Parents must be induced to control the supply of rubber coshes, as they have always done with tin tomahawks and cane bows-and-arrows. There is a danger in adding to the laws of culpable possession. You can already get fourteen years under the Firearms Act, 1937, for having a firearm or imitation firearm (e.g., a water-pistol) when arrested for crime, and three months or £50 for having any kind of "offensive weapon" at a public meeting or procession. What seems to have been overlooked in the current demand for stricter laws is section 4 of the Vagrancy Act, 1824, which imposes a three-months penalty (twelve months on a second conviction) upon anyone found armed with "any gun, pistol, hanger, cutlass, bludgeon, or other offensive weapon, with intent to commit any felonious act." This has been held (by Justices) to include knuckledusters, though it might be held inapplicable to cycle-chains. But there are obvious dangers in any all-inclusive formula—especially if, as in the case of "possessing house-breaking implements by night," the onus were put on the defendant to prove innocent possession if he could.

* * *

I have been trying to learn from the *News of the World* what the stars have in prospect for me. My difficulty is the improbability that everyone born between July 24 and August 23 will have exactly the same experience as I shall next week.

> "An established routine will be made more productive by an imaginative touch. The Christmas entertaining will be ambitious, and will bring you social advancement. Another's set-back will affect you."

Only on one point am I sure that the prophesy is wrong. My Christmas entertaining will not be ambitious. But I am reminded of the forecasts of the three witches in *Macbeth* which became true only because they were uttered. By the same token, I should never have imagined writing this paragraph as a "productive" variant on Critic's "established routine" had I not read what the stars had in the bag for me. CRITIC

BOXING DAY

Christmas box: money given at Christmas to postmen, etc. in general acknowledgment of indefinite or continuous services.—Concise Oxford Dictionary.

Merrily rings the Christmas chime,
After Christmas comes Boxing-time,
With the celebration of Boxing Day
In the good old open-handed way,
When the postman knocks for his Christmas box
As they did in the olden time.

This hallowed custom must all observe,
When persons served tip those who serve,
When all for service receive a fee,
However indefinite it may be;
When punctual milkmen, etc., rap,
When coalmen, etc., cheerily tap,
When the postman knocks for his Christmas box
As they did in the olden time.

Though Christmas takes its financial toll,
There still remains the domestic dole,
For old traditions may vanish fast
But at Christmas Present, as Christmas Past,
The tradesman, etc. is sure to call,
The janitor loiters in the hall,
The punctual milkmen, etc. rap,
The coalmen, etc. cheerily tap,
When the postman knocks for his Christmas box
As they did in the olden time.

Some may think in the Welfare State
This ancient custom is out of date,
But still it's kept in the good old style,
While butchers and grocers, etc. smile;
When the baker the season's greetings brings
When the newspaper boy the doorbell rings,
When tradesmen, etc. politely call,
When the janitor loiters in the hall,
When the punctual milkmen, etc. rap,
When the coalmen, etc. cheerily tap,
When the postman knocks for his Christmas box
Then all must pay, on Boxing day
As they did in the olden time.

SAGITTARIUS

THIS ENGLAND

Prizes are awarded of £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a POSTCARD.

Maj. Tufton Beamish, M.P. for Lewes, speaking at Burgess Hill last night, asked his audience if they could name on the spur of the moment any article which had gone up in price in the last 12 months.—*Brighton Evening Argus.* (M. Elsbury.)

Later a woman called from the bank. "Thank you for the fly," she said. "It improved sport a lot."

The woman was Queen Elizabeth, the Queen Mother. My friend was startled, but, even so, standing in the river, she curtsied.—*Sunday Pictorial.* (P. K. Long.)

The enthusiastic card player would probably appreciate a miniature brief case containing two packs of cards, Canasta rules, and scoring sheet. The case, beautifully made in real pigskin, costs 32s 3d. (Emptied of the cards, it could be used by a woman for church-going necessities—small prayer book, handkerchief and collection, etc.)—*Liverpool Daily Post.* (P. Westall.)

History and Legend

MEMORY is always an improvement on the facts, a story with a moral. The human mind is not a *tabula rasa*, recording clean impressions of the outside world, but a prehensile organism, whose tentacles seize upon the facts which best suit its purposes. Since we cannot remember everything, we select according to unconscious bias or conscious interest and, as the past recedes, the story of it is shaped and re-shaped to justify our changing attitudes.

This process of "restrospective fantasy," as Mr. Bassett* aptly calls it, is an essential part of politics; for in this respect public opinion behaves like an individual mind. Bombarded daily with vague impressions of the apologia and counter-apologia of Parliamentary, radio and press debate, public opinion gradually evolves its version of what "really" happened, and forms its moral judgments on it. Assuming that every problem can be resolved into a choice between right and wrong, it distorts history into a series of personal decisions by individual politicians. In sober fact, of course, Governments are never faced with the clear choice between right and wrong, or the simple issue of principle, which retrospective fantasy attributes to them. No politician is so courageous or so cowardly, so far-sighted or so stupid as his reputation. But the politicians have only themselves to blame for the unfairness and fickleness of public opinion. Every Cabinet takes credit when things go right; and when things go wrong and it argues that failure was due to events beyond its control, the Opposition is there to name the scapegoat and provide the legend which explains the disaster.

Such legends, however, are by no means wholly the work of politicians. To gain currency, they must illustrate a theory or a principle. Keynes provided one such theory in his *Economic Consequences of the Peace*, a version of history which taught the public to condemn the authors of the Treaty of Versailles as knaves or fools; and another in his theory of Full Employment, which enabled the Labour Party to make Toryism morally responsible for the slump. Norman Angell, Leonard Woolf and H. N. Brailsford developed the idea of collective security, upon which the public condemnation of appeasement was based. Ever since 1914, in fact, it has been the ideas evolved by Left intellectuals (despised and rejected by most Labour politicians) which have provided public opinion with its ideals of what should happen and its yardstick for interpreting events. But, in order to be acceptable to public opinion, these refined theories had to be simplified and vulgarised in editorials, pamphlets and political speeches. Only then did they become a potent force in politics.

The process of distortion by which the theory of the intellectual becomes the stereotype of political controversy is worth careful study by the historian. I was delighted, therefore, to find that Mr. Bassett had undertaken a pilot scheme of research, by analysing the reactions of British public opinion to the Japanese invasion of Manchuria. Most of us "remember" that Sir John Simon's pro-Japanese policy began the process of appeasement that ended in World War II. Mr. Bassett tears this restrospective fantasy to pieces. He has first recalled what actually happened in 1931-32, and what the apologists for the Government and its critics were saying at the time. Then he has observed how, under the impact of later acts of aggression, the real facts were forgotten and replaced by a moral story illustrating the wickedness of appeasement. It is a fascinating theme that Mr. Bassett has chosen, and he has certainly proved that memory is a dupe. How many of us for instance, who condemn Sir John Simon for appeasing Japan, remember the following facts?

(1) The invasion of Manchuria took place when Lord Reading, not Sir John Simon, was at the Foreign Office. Indeed, by a curious coincidence, the main events in Manchuria each coincided with more dramatic events elsewhere. The Japanese marched three days after the mutiny at Invergordon and two days before we were forced off the gold standard; the publication of the Lytton Report was pushed off the front page by Roosevelt's presidential election; and finally, the League Assembly met to consider action a fortnight after Hitler became Chancellor of Germany. So the Japanese aggression had been completed before public opinion was really aware of it.

(2) Even in Parliament, the debates were desultory, and there was no difference between the Government and the Opposition on the issue of sanctions. Though their motives were different, both sides of the House were determined to avoid war *at any cost*; and the most drastic action suggested at any stage by the Labour Party was an embargo on the export of arms to Japan *and* China! Moreover, at the Annual Conference which took place in October, 1932, Mr. Dalton accepted on behalf of the Executive a resolution, supported by Mr. Noel-Baker, pledging the Labour Movement to take no part in war and envisaging a general strike as one of the means of organised resistance "in the event of war or threat of war." The record of the Liberals and the League of Nations Union is no better. Even Lord Cecil was only wise after the event. Indeed, for the first month of the Japanese aggression, he was the Government's representative at Geneva!

(3) Clear warnings about the danger of appeasing Japan were limited to the *Manchester Guardian*, the *News Chronicle*, the *New Statesman* and the *Economist*.

None of these papers, however, advocated sanctions, and all of them centred their attack on the Government's failure to back Mr. Stimson. Mr. Bassett is able to show that at this time the intellectuals of the Left were absurdly pro-American. Actually, despite the legend of Mr. Stimson's initiative, there was never the remotest chance of active American intervention.

So far Mr. Bassett's account of how retrospective fantasy has distorted history is fair enough. It is untrue to suggest that sanctions were even remotely possible in 1931, and unfair to put the blame on the British Foreign Secretary for the fact that they were not imposed. Unfortunately, Mr. Bassett does not stop here, but tries to show that Lord Simon's policy was blameless and that every attack on him was malignant or silly. He accuses the *Manchester Guardian* of "indulgence in unfounded suspicions and a readiness to accept or to give currency to the rumours and 'suggestions' emanating from the whispering gallery of Europe," and he suggests that Mr. Robert Dell, Mr. W. N. Ewer, Mr. Cummings and Mr. Vernon Bartlett, who were covering League affairs, were guilty of deliberately persecuting Lord Simon and presenting a distorted picture of the situation. Since all but one of these distinguished journalists are still alive, it is surprising that Mr. Bassett did not talk things over with them before he made up his mind that the damage to Sir John Simon's reputation was entirely due to their "malicious bias." A Foreign Secretary must not only do the right thing, but convince the world that he is doing it. In this second task Sir John Simon lamentably failed. It is a pity that Mr. Bassett's obsessive hatred of "Left intellectuals" turns a remarkable piece of research into a laborious attempt to whitewash Lord Simon and to blacken the reputation of his critics. *Democracy and Foreign Policy* is a brief for the defence and not, as it should have been, an impartial judgment.

Nevertheless, it is thoroughly worth reading, if only for the light it throws on our present confusions. United Nations intervention in Korea is constantly justified by "the lesson of Manchuria." The failure to stop aggression in 1931 is used as evidence to prove that we can only avert World War III by organising collective security in Korea. *Democracy and Foreign Policy* shows the fallacy of this analogy and the shakiness of most of the "history" on which it is based.

The real lesson of the Manchurian affair is that collective security and appeasement are not two mutually contradictory policies, between which we must choose, but two aspects of any sane foreign policy. But the trouble is that public opinion and busy politicians cannot tolerate such refinements. One or other of these stereotypes must be right; and, since we have been taught that appeasement caused the last war, we now accept United Nations action in Korea as the way to prevent the next. The Manchurian incident has had a shattering effect on world history, and it has hoist the Left intellectuals on their own petard. It was they who first drew the moral from it and created the ideology of collective security in order to defeat Hitler. Now they observe with dismay how this ideology is being used to justify the anti-Communist crusade. By an exquisite dramatic irony, the protagonists have changed sides. In 1931 every Conservative newspaper and politician, including Mr. Churchill, ridiculed the idea of collective action and pleaded for realism and conciliation. In 1952 the realists have adopted the intellectuals' formula, and the intellectuals have begun to advocate what they once denounced as appeasement.

Mr. Bassett takes a superior pleasure in pointing out these inconsistencies, especially on the part of the Left intellectuals. It never seems to occur to him that a changed situation demands a change in political ideas. What his book really shows is the depressing fact that in a democracy the intellectuals and the critics may be right, but they are nearly always too late. By the time they have converted the politicians and the man in the street to a new idea, and taught them to accept the lessons of history which follow from it, the situation has changed, and the idea is no longer applicable. In 1931 the theory of collective security was the only effective antidote to the current delusion that war could be avoided by conniving at German and Japanese aggression. If

**Democracy and Foreign Policy.* By R. BASSETT. *Longmans. 12s.*

it had been accepted in time, Hitler could have been overthrown without a war. Now the antidote to the delusion of the 1930s has itself become the delusion of the 1950s, and public opinion has been persuaded that the best way to prevent war is to start one. So the intellectuals must start all over again. They must expose the fallacy of the idea they once propounded and find the antidote before it is too late.

R. H. S. CROSSMAN

Sequins & Sulphur

WHY, I wonder, is the pantomime war of good and evil a battle of the sexes? At Christmas the powers of darkness apparently prefer male representatives on the stage, and heavenly virtue is always monopolised by women. Who, at the theatre, has ever watched a Fairy King, and how long is it since Merlin last took a hand in the pantomime? At one time, it is true, during the Regency, small boys sometimes took on the duties of championing Right *v.* Might, and Oberon was occasionally seen at Christmas. But that was a brief interlude in a long succession of matriarchs.

> Whoa, the fairies! Oh, the fairies!
> Nothing but splendour and feminine gender!—

as they still sing at the Players' Theatre.

It is also true that witches quite frequently appear in panto: the convention that the devil's party is always a stag party is less rigid. Neither *Cinderella* nor *The Sleeping Beauty* usually introduces male demons, and a steeple-hatted, croaking hag (in a regulation aura of green light) often appears with a cymbal-clash from the orchestra. Hecate herself has condescended during the season, and ogresses were once in vogue. But in Victorian times witches were commonly played by men, and even to-day one rarely finds women on the losing side—for, of course, Beelzebub never wins in pantomime.

Has this battle of the sexes anything to do with the geography of good and evil? Traditionally, heaven is above the stage and hell is down below, but the Demon King always enters on the prompt side, and the Fairy Queen on the opposite side—which in most theatres means that they appear on the audience's right and left respectively. This convention is observed nowadays on the ice and in television. It should be noted that in the Hindu pantheon the figure of Shiva frequently appears as a bisexual representation—to the left as a woman, to the right as a man. But a less esoteric clue is provided by Mr. Barry Lupino, who says that in the old days the Demon King was usually played by the stage manager, who wanted to get back to the "book" on the prompt side by the shortest possible route. Or does this ritual derive from the old morality plays, when, it is said, angels appeared on the (stage or cart) right, and devils on the left, "wrong," side?

Certainly, pantomime eschatology is confusing, like its sexual classifications, for it borrows the demons of the Biblical Hell, but replaces cherubim and seraphim by elves and fairies. Fairies, until Shakespeare's time, were commonly regarded as being full-grown, malevolent and of both sexes: they had dark faces, and usually wore green. But *A Midsummer Night's Dream* seems to have set a precedent, and tiny, friendly little girls were for long regarded as the population of fairyland. In Planché's time the adult fairy was restored to power on the stage, influenced by the French *fée*—a spirit of different mettle from the Mustard-seed variety. But fairyhood was still a feminine monopoly—and so it has remained. The Fairy Queen to-day is a stock Lady Bountiful, aloof, refined and invulnerable. She stands for good manners and nice minds, as well as the majesty of Heaven. "There is no God in pantomime," says Mr. Robert Herring, but there is a considerable degree of mariolatry. Alas, many are guilty of grave dereliction of duty, and the monarchy's prestige is low.

The trouble is, of course, that though the good fairy triumphs in the end, her opponent usually has the better part. "Fairy Queens are nearly always rather colourless," observed a critic in *The Stage*, "perhaps it is a condition of their union." Too many show a lack of confidence in their mission, and are often ill at ease with their wands. The fact is that the Fairy is usually the lowest-paid principal in the panto (£15, say, compared to the Dame's £60 in a small-town show): she is selected as a singer or a dancer, and, while seldom much good as either, she is incapable of acting.

The Demon, on the other hand, though doomed to disappointment, can always be heard. It may seem a small compensation, but it ensures that the moral core of pantomime is kept alive. For with such a puny generation of angels, everyone can at least believe in the devil's party: and the poetic nonsense of pantomime depends on a code of black and white values. The mortal reason for this vocal power—whatever other causes there may be—is that the Demon King is often an old-time actor or retired singer, who plays in that fine resonant manner too often dismissed as "ham." Success, in this role, may be measured by the volume of hissing that can be provoked: hell-hounds of the first rank excite children to a delirium of disapproval. For this we may forgive the occasional baritone solos about Drake's Drum or The Little Grey Home in the West: the perennially frustrated iniquity of their calling perhaps encourages such excesses.

Demons enjoy, moreover, a wider variety of costume than that of the right wing. The Fairy Queen usually wears a small tiara and a sequined ballet dress (if a dancer) or evening dress (for singers). White is a traditional colour, but this means a big laundry bill. "I won't have dirty fairies in my show," says one contemporary producer, alive to the issues at stake. Wands are issued in a variety of sizes, from ruler-length to the broom-handle kind, but most are provided with a glittering star at one end and some sport an incandescent electric tip. The wand must be held firmly in the outstretched right hand, while the left arm is gracefully extended behind the back—part of a traditional stance which all the best Queens adopt when addressing mortals.

Demons, however, may wear horns or skull caps; some are bearded, some merely unshaven; some have the wings of Apollyon, others are more discreetly equipped. The operatic villains of *Faust*, for example, have strongly influenced the tradition, but there is no set style of dress or playing. One common classical type has been described by Collie Knox: "He was so fierce, so very red, so gaspingly out of breath, and so gloriously evil . . . a short, stout figure clad from top to toe in a brilliant red costume, wearing a short black beard, brandishing a trident, and looking devilishly devilish." Those were the days! Green, however, is more modish in the underworld these days, and most evil spirits spend their stage life in a pool of green light.

The Demon's role in true pantomime is to provide "those kinds of Distress which excite agreeable sensations," or, in Shelley's words, "the tempestuous loveliness of terror." Sequined eyelids, V-shaped eyebrows, and pale green make-up help to point the effect. But one of the most notable features of modern panto is the diminution of devilry. Many managers say that children will not tolerate the horrifics which used to be an essential ingredient of Christmas entertainment, and they have been obliged to mute the groans and sweeten the sulphur. Children to-day, it appears, whatever they may take from the cinema, wouldn't appreciate such characters as the Demon of the Dismal Den of the Doomed Dead Men (who featured in a Grecian panto of 1845); and exchanges of the following kind have gone out of fashion:

> GIANT. I think a human baby is best when served on toast,
> WIFE. Although perhaps it *may* be, I like it boiled or roast.
> GIANT. Though Rimmell's scents are beautiful, the scent I most admire
> WIFE. . . . is human flesh a-frizzling before the kitchen fire.

Once all self-respecting devils entered through the floor, up a trap, with accompanying red fire: to-day the most they can muster is a puff of smoke—and many walk on from the wings for yards before they can fold their arms and sneer. The satanic laugh remains, that falling inflection of four grim "Ha's," probably derived from the transpontine villain of Victorian melodrama, but in other respects the Demon has suffered from the current pasteurisation of our entertainment.

Nevertheless, the winter war of good and evil is being fought in nearly two hundred theatres this season—and even though the opposite teams may be a bit genteel these days, we are all in the battle.

RICHARD FINDLATER

Treetops

TWO crested cranes stood immobile in the water hole; they came straight from a Chinese painting. In the small bushes a family of wild pigs were scuffling away, but beyond them I could see nothing move as the trees gradually got thicker until their individual shapes were lost in the darkness of the jungle.

Then the baboons took the field, for all the world like a football team showing off their paces. They spread out over the mud flat near the water-hole; this is the elephant's stamping ground, as we all remember it from the Jungle Book. The baboon leader was the Old Man of the tribe, a cruel beast, half as big again as any of the younger males who would one day contest his title. He ruled absolutely. They spread out over the hard mud each catching hold of a bunch of the sugar cane and mealies put out every day for their breakfast and lunch. They took up their places at a safe distance from each other, every one eating warily with an eye on his neighbour. They were fantastically human. Once I heard a screaming and saw a little fellow running desperately from the old man of the tribe. He escaped up a tree and the old man scratched and sat down. The little one slipped down and took refuge with his mother, who put a protecting arm round him. A little later, there was another kind of screeching. A half-grown baboon, full of fun and games, was chasing the two cranes which flew flapping with loud cries out of his reach. Then the Old Man decided it was time to go home. He lolloped off into the jungle with the obedient pack behind.

The baboons are pensioners of the Outspan Hotel, to whose enterprise Treetops is due. It is a lovely Heath Robinson structure, but I'm told that they are building on another storey and making the whole shipshape. It now consists of two platforms, up a steep staircase, with all sorts of odd corners where the branches of the giant fig tree cut across one's passage. If you climb up to the top of the tree to see the squirrels playing and the great untidy crane's nest, you may suddenly find yourself burning behind, because the chimney for a kitchen fire juts out among the topmost leaves.

It was here that Queen Elizabeth and the Duke

of Edinburgh heard of George VI's death. The story runs that the wild creatures had been very scarce for weeks before their arrival, but that the night they spent in Treetops was the best on record; that they watched on the same night elephants and rhinos and buffaloes and that the black and spotted leopards, seldom seen, came out of hiding to make a Royal holiday. Legend has it that one of the elephants so far knew his duty as to be standing by the ladder which goes up to Treetops when the Princess arrived. The last story may be true, for I'm told that several members of the Royal party had to seek safety up the ladders which are built against the trees that line the jungle path. But for the rest, you must take a grain of salt, as with other Royal legends. I looked at the book in which visitors record what they have seen during the night and I saw neither leopards nor buffaloes on the list. However, I don't want to be a spoil sport and there's no doubt that Queen and Duke had a very lucky night.

I and my companions were rather less lucky, for something had scared off the elephants. We were excited when we arrived at about half past two; the hunter who takes charge of the party told us, as we went up the jungle path, that elephants were very close, and later we thought we heard them trumpeting. The night before had been a record. Four hundred elephants had arrived together. We could see the trees they had smashed and their spore was everywhere on the ground. Four hundred male, female and baby elephants in the water hole and on the stamping ground must have been memorable.

We were content with smaller fry. It was surprising to eavesdrop on the animals. If you watched quietly from your seat 30 feet above the ground, too high to be seen or smelt, but not too high to be heard if you spoke above a whisper, or clattered a field-glass on the ledge in front of you, you could see every now and then the shy head of a dainty bush buck emerging from a thicket; you could watch him making his way by devious tracks towards the water hole. Finally, perhaps 20 yards away, he would stand motionless, listening intently until he felt safe enough to risk a drink. How terribly fear rules the jungle! Of what are these beasts frightened? Within the jungle there is no carnivore except the leopard; not even, here, a man with a gun. There were water buck, too, fine fellows as big as a cow. One of these who came every day and was, I was told, called Prince, lay down much at his ease in full view and then strolled away by himself. A wart hog, round as a barrel and ugly as a caricature of the devil in a medieval fresco, arrived with much assurance, heard a noise, turned round and streaked away into the bush with his tail standing out stiff as a ramrod.

When it was dusk, our hosts turned on the moon. This is an ingenious idea of the chief game warden. An arc light, not too brilliant, picks out every animal on the mud stamping ground beneath you. Soon there is to be a second moon to shine on the water hole. As it was, we were able with glasses to distinguish massive forms that plunged about at the water's edge. They were buffalo; and then we learnt while we were enjoying a quite excellent dinner, there were rhino, too. They come out on to the mud flat to lick the salt that is thrown there by Africans. For several hours we watched them. At one time there were as many as six rhino and rather more buffalo. One great hulking grandfather of a rhino reminded me for all the world of a peppery Anglo-Indian colonel. He snuffled and snorted viciously. One could imagine him saying, as he monopolised another salt lick: "Don't know what the world's coming to. In my young days none of these cheeky buffaloes would have dared to show their horns near my salt. Get out, sir, get out!" But, like most Anglo-Indian colonels, he had a heart of gold behind his snort; at least, when one buffalo cow disregarded his pushing and grousing, he gave in peacefully enough and stood side by side with her, agreeably licking the same mud patch.

The rhinos and buffaloes were still there when I lay down on a very comfortable camp bed sometime before midnight. We were to be called if there was any new excitement, but it was seven o'clock before we woke up to coffee and eggs and bacon. Dawn was breaking over the jungle. It seemed utterly peaceful. We left before the baboons arrived, but the pigs we had first seen were rooting about, and Prince, the water buck, very sure of himself, lay down in precisely the spot where we had seen him the night before. Then to complete the circle of the jungle's night, the two cranes flew awkwardly across the space in front of us and took up their place, side by side, immobile in the water, as if once again posing for a Chinese picture.

KINGSLEY MARTIN

At St. Pancras

ONLY ten minutes to go; but in ten minutes everything will crowd round. It takes a moment or two for the dusk—here it is always dusk—to lighten, for place to impress itself. People are catching or missing trains, looking for trains, waiting for trains. I have to meet the 2.3 from Derby; out of fogs and snows (what a country!), she is on time. (Well then, thank God I'm not a Spaniard!) "Have we time for a cup of tea?" asks a sad, thin girl; and "Nice time," replies her man—not all time, you will observe, or no time. I've nice time to look round; and most reassuring do I find the atmosphere of promptness without hurry, confusion without panic, and discomfort that lulls rather than gnaws. Three men are trying to get a racehorse into a van. Do they go mad? Does the horse? No.

Every Londoner, it is said, has his station, as he has his dog or his newspaper. Mine is St. Pancras. Not that, more than once in five or six years, I use it for travel. But I meet trains. I drop in, or should I say pay visits? So high it stands, so inviolate, its pinnacles lost in cloud or touched by a sunlight no longer ours, palace by nature and terminus by necessity—surely some Antipope or Caliph or Kane has fallen on hard times. But to the street below there's no hint of fall, of perhaps the distasteful business of engines. Superb over the back abasement of King's Cross rise its eastern extremities, with a lady among the spires whose identity can scarcely be guessed at; the west end, only less majestic, overstares the middle of Euston; a massive centre tower emphasises a chief portal. As we ascend nearer, a thousand Gothic windows, reputed once to belong to hotel bedrooms, look down.

We pass through. Faint as last week's cigar smoke comes the aroma of sulphur and dust, dung and damp. Although trains don't obtrude, there's one near. Its engine pants with a thrilling metallic timbre that causes another, far off, to give a little scream or gasp; but nothing more comes of it. It is a mere interchange of nature. They are getting a little restive, perhaps, and will have to be let out or separated. Has anyone here a train to *catch*? It doesn't appear so; trains do in the end come and go, and at the correct hour, and people get in or out of them; but at their leisure, as though the train had been waiting for them.

Lord's itself couldn't be more pleasant to idle in, the benches outside the Refreshment Room indeed suggesting the enclosure there. Quite a number of people sit enjoying the scene. Different tactics have been tried with the racehorse, such as pretending to pay no attention, and hoping that curiosity will finally lead him to investigate a coach furnished to resemble a horse-box; but even from here one can distinguish that the supposed backside of another horse within is of painted wood. A very few passengers are getting down from a three-coach local. A tweed-suited gent affronts the bookstall and, having reviewed the photographs in a shiny weekly, with a decided "No!" strides away, moustache bristling, to the telegraph office; he is followed by a very small lady who surreptitiously asks, and pays, for *The Handweaver and Spinner*. The parcels platform is—considering the season—decently vacant. There are no runnings to and fro, no late-comers pounding on gates, no breakings through queues, no shrieks or whistles, no dreadful Voice whispering unmentionable places. And everything is contained under one vault, open at the end to such an estuary of sunlight and steam, overhead signals, clouds, a seagull or two, a delicate gasometer clump, as Monet never envisioned on the Seine. Railway for railway's sake!

And then, just as the post-lunch enchantment is ours, a fat fellow comes barging along, hands in pockets, cap pulled over eyes, goose if you please under arm, and—this we can hardly believe—an illuminated tie; a tartan bow, that's to say, lit from within, that flashes off and on as he walks. What *can* he be doing here? The thought must suddenly have occurred to him also, for he halts (the tie, of course, switching off), turns round, and exclaims with a laugh that he must be in the wrong station. That has already been to us painfully obvious. Probably he's a King's Crossite. One gets to know the various types: Paddingtonians are owlish, Victorians flashy, Eustonites grim, Fenchurchmen frankly peculiar. The Pancratist can be recognised by a hat slightly taller than the ordinary, a withdrawn look as though the world were already sighing over its Great Days of Steam, its lost lines, vanished cathedral-stations. Sometimes, when actually travelling, you will see him scrupulously walk the length of a train, as though in search of the Second Class compartment no longer his.

The 2.3 comes in at 2.3, I discover my cousin, take her arm, seize her bag, but with thoughts elsewhere. Shall I one day be admitted to full Pancrasy? Room with a clover-leaf window? House at Luton, straw hat to tilt all summer as I travel up and down?

A neigh. The race-horse has won this time. He is being led off.

G. W. STONIER

WAYFARERS

Whirling with the world we journey
Within from fear to fear,
Without past pine and tamarisk
Jungle and sea, from fact to face,
The groves shivering with suspended
Voices. We are born each with a new face
The disc of a sun that has never been
And never will be again.
The rare of life, the real is meeting
The live, greeting the unborn and the dead.
Wayfarers band, twine in the moving wheel!
Wheel within a wheel we are moved
As we ourselves move.
Firm, the voice firm,
Speak comfortable words into the cosmic wind
That blows our dust together, wafts us a thread
And passes like a momentary stare
Leaving the straggler lonely as a star.

RONALD BOTTRALL

The Fairies Came to Belfast

In order to understand the scene the night Willie Yeats, accompanied by his fairies, drove down Great Victoria Street on a jaunting-car, you have to go back to the end of the eighteenth century, and watch, as through a gauze curtain at a pantomime, the beginnings of Belfast as an industrial city. Down by the mud-flats, where the Lagan reached its sea-lough, there was a tangle of masts, yards, and cordage; and from this point, by the mouth of the Farset river, the city that was to be had begun to trace itself in geometrical streets, squares and crescents. Cornice and plinth, Corinthian pillar, Georgian doorway, radiating fanlight—here was mind at work in the mud-flats, planning with compass and set-square.

Down by the quays on the banks of the Farset, like a flower unfolding in slow motion on a screen, Belfast was rising from the sub-soil of the American and French Revolutions, reason at the prow and science at the helm. Canal and river banks were planted with shade-trees to form a promenade for the citizens; new streets were laid out on the gridiron principle, intersecting at right angles; Assembly Rooms glittered with crystal chandeliers; the city, whose bookshops Thackeray was later to find overflowing with evangelical literature, was at this stage in its career part French, part American, dedicated to the goddess of Reason and the perfectibility of Man, a changeling of the eighteenth century dumped by some ironic by-play of the Time Spirit on the meadows and mud-flats at the mouth of an Irish river.

In the centre was the White Linen Hall, a gem of the Irish eighteenth century, crowned by an elegant clock-tower, with a courtyard and cloisters where merchants transacted their business. Nearby streets and squares showed a few classical-looking churches, mostly Presbyterian, with flights of wide stone steps leading up to massive doorways in the shadow of classical pillars, box pews panelled in expensive mahogany, and windows glazed with small clear panes of glass. No stained-glass windows yet, no pipe-organs set in embrasures, their towering cigar-shapes voluptuously gilded. God was still worshipped with Reason, and Time like an ever-rolling flood would bear much Belfast scenery away before the Deity got finally mixed up with the business of commercial and industrial prosperity, and a sound bank balance became the only infallible symptom of Divine favour.

Then the eighteenth century was left behind, and what *Punch* christened "the Demon Steam" arrived on the scene. Huge mills began to rise from the sloblands and on the slopes of the Black Mountain; in the winter evenings their thousands of lighted windows formed a new kind of dramatic entertainment for the inhabitants. As the new century progressed, and the factory chimneys thickened on the banks of the Lagan, the classical little Georgian town that had once been Belfast gradually disappeared, like the ruins of a civilisation choked by a forest. The classical-looking Presbyterian churches, with their pillared porticos, their memories of citizens dressed in uniforms fashioned on those of the French National Guard, were now submerged between, and almost hidden by, tall blocks of office buildings, so that Belfast began to look like a manufacturing city in New England—a city just stricken by the American industrial blizzard. Not eighteenth-century America of the Revolution, or twentieth-century America of the towering skyscrapers, but a land of tangled outlines—America as depicted in early numbers of *Harper's Magazine*," with untidy streets criss-crossed by telegraph wires, irregular blocks of lofty buildings, and wasp-waisted women in dolmans and fur tippets alighting from tiny horse-trams.

Meanwhile, in far-away Christiania, Protestant philosophy was abandoning the mahogany box-pews and pillared porticos of Dissent and taking to the footlights. A bearded dramatist called Henrik Ibsen, peering at North-West Europe through thick spectacles, and not particularly liking what he saw, was writing *Pillars of Society* and *A Doll's House*. But what the bearded dramatist saw through the snowflakes of Norwegian winters cut no particular ice in Belfast, where Protestant philosophy had the assurance of its more successful and highly paid ministers of religion that it was climbing on a kind of fool-proof escalator towards the millenium. As the forest of factory chimneys thickened, as more and more blocks of offices and warehouses arose on the mud-flats, Belfast industrialism, like a spinster on the verge of middle-age, began to take its religion with a strong dash of emotionalism. As the graph of religious emotionalism climbed, churches, including Presbyterian churches, registered the disturbance by going sham-Gothic, by barbaric stained-glass windows of a deep blood red that reflected the blood in the hymns. Protestantism, taking its time from the industrial jungle, was going all sentimental and romantic, like a hard-headed business man who spends his days cutting his competitors' throats and at night has time off for tears and soul-searching. The more it made a mess of the streets outside, the more it blackened the sky with coal smoke, the more it needed a tremolo stop on the organ, a hearty slap on the back from the pulpit, the jingle of collections for foreign missions, and the rosy glow of stained-glass windows to take its mind off what it was doing at home.

And it was somewhere at the end of this phase when the tremolo stop was a little too tremolo, and five per cent. proving an insufficient substitute for the gospel, that Willie Yeats arrived in Belfast. He arrived on the top floor of the old Museum Building in College Square North, in a large, pillared room that held, every spring, exhibitions of paintings by Ulster amateur artists—mostly washy green watercolours, or white clouds and incredibly blue mountains a long way after (or was it before?) Paul Henry. Whether there were washy green watercolours on the walls the night he delivered his address on "Fairies" I don't know; but if there weren't, there should have been. Anyhow, I like to think of him, loose of tie and wide of hat, driving down Great Victoria Street on a jaunting-car on his way from the Great Northern railway station, resisting the call of the lake isle of Innisfree (otherwise known as Rat Island) just long enough to give us industrial dwarfs and gnomes of the wee Black North a hint of what was happening beyond the end of our tram lines and our wee red-brick villas.

The month, I like to think, was November—November with gas lamps blossoming like yellow flowers in the dusk, horse-trams dashing past at anything between six and eight miles an hour, and in the background a forest of factory chimneys belching black coal smoke into the last red of the sunset in a determined, and eventually completely successful, attempt to initiate a new twilight of the gods.

In the Museum Building the fish-tail gas jets are flickering on the landings—landings from which, through the tall bare windows, you can see the myriad lighted windows of factories rising tier upon tier towards the Black Mountain. Willie Yeats arrives and sweeps in in a black cloak, at the head of invisible reinforcements from County Sligo. The fairies are coming, hurrah, hurrah! Imitation flowers agitate upon the bosoms and toques of the lady guests. Mister Yeats will save us all from this *dreadful* materialism, and, incidentally, from hanging about all afternoon with nothing to do but press flowers or paint bad watercolours until papa comes home from the office. Male spectacles glisten in the gaslight. *Mister Yeats will bring Culture to our city.*

Mister Yeats does. By the time he has finished, the shadowy corners of the gas-lit, pillared room are fairly pullulating with fairies. But unfortunately Mister Yeats has to return to Dublin by the morning train, and the fairies, presumably, go with him. The factory chimneys remain. So do the members of his audience. They return to Browning and the harp. The factory chimneys go on belching black coal smoke into the sunset of the Victorian era. Enter King Edward VII and the Entente Cordiale, nicely illuminated, on a field clinkant with champagne glasses, and the scene, with its backdrop of lighted factory windows, is all set for the Great Wars for Civilisation. The fairies retire from Merrion Square to a bee-loud glade somewhere in County Sligo to await an offer from Mr. Disney. No more gas jets, draughty railway carriages, lecture tours, or washy green watercolours for them; in fact, you'll never see those boyos in Belfast again except in glorious Technicolor!

DENIS IRELAND

Tito

Our Rule, of course, did not permit us to keep pets, lest our affections be diverted from God, their proper object, to one of His creatures, be it even so lowly as a canary or a mouse. It was a lonely life, and I began to feel a reprehensible longing for affection, even from a mouse.

One afternoon, during recreation, I was walking disconsolately about the grounds, thinking of some of the pets I had had in my unregenerate past. There had been Old Nell, the mare on whom I had learned to ride, and Leo the Lamb, and Achilles the Goldfish, who had died a delirious and happy death through the introduction of some gin into his bowl, and a host of others. In the midst of these thoughts I saw a tarantula scurrying busily across the path—a handsome tarantula, with lively black legs and an entrancing reddish sheen about his hair.

I squatted down and extended a finger across the tarantula's path. He paused a moment, touched my finger lightly with his two front legs, and then walked resolutely across it. I next placed my open hand, palm up, before him, and the tarantula climbed into it, tickling me with his hairy feet as he set them down. Once in my hand, he stayed motionless and tranquil, looking at me gravely with his many-faceted eye. He was obviously a friendly tarantula, with a charming disposition and an engaging nature. My hungry heart went out to him at once. What an admirable companion he would make! But, my conscience asked me, a pet? Isn't that against the Rule?

It was not for nothing that I had begun the study of Moral Theology. What was the intention of the law-giver, I asked myself, when he prohibited the keeping of pets? Why, obviously, he meant to exclude the keeping of horses and hawks and hounds and the like. Would the law-giver have considered a tarantula a pet? Of course not, I readily replied. Whoever heard of keeping a tarantula as a pet? Surely there was nothing sinful in a scientific curiosity about the habits of life of the tarantula. Wasn't Mendel a monk?

"I put my hand, with the tarantula in it, into the pocket of my cassock, and he made no motion of protest. I hurried to my room, where I had a glass jar which had in the past held tobacco, and in the jar I installed the tarantula. I christened him Tito, which seems of all names to be the most appropriate for a friendly tarantula, and gave him a little saucer of water to drink from. I put some earth in the bottom of his jar, and in the days that followed he built a home there, lining it with silk spun from his own body. Tito was not a voracious eater, and it was easy for me to keep his modest wants satisfied. He asked for nothing more than an occasional grub or beetle or other small insect, and I had no difficulty in laying in an ample supply of these during my daily walk. They had to be brought to him alive, of course; otherwise he would ignore them. As soon as they began to move, however, Tito would pounce on them and sink his sharp teeth into them and drain all the succulent juices from them, manifesting great relish all the while. Both Tito and I looked forward immensely to meal hours.

With fatal ease I developed a consuming affection for Tito. He loved to walk about on my desk while I studied, and I liked to think that he manifested a particular interest in Greek texts, so that even now when I see a page of Greek I picture Tito strolling sagely across it. All this, needless to say, had escaped the notice of my superiors, for I had not thought it necessary to advertise my scientific researches. One evening, however, while Tito and I were poring over some Aeschines, there was a knock at my door, and the Prefect of Discipline came in.

After we had exchanged the customary salutations, Father Phelan asked, "Do you have any electrical appliances in your room?"

The consumption of electric current had passed all bounds, it appeared, and Father Phelan suspected that some seminarians were supplementing the inadequate heating of their rooms by the use of electric heating devices. There was a possibility, too, that some of the more abandoned characters among us might have percolators or heating plates, since an odour suspiciously like that of coffee had been noticed about the corridors occasionally. I love coffee.

"Yes, Father," I answered, "there is the electric light overhead, and I have a reading lamp on my desk."

"Of course," said Father Phelan impatiently. "I'm not blind. Is there anything else of an electrical nature you'd be having?"

"Yes, Father."

"And what is it?"

"An electric percolator, Father."

"Give it to me." Then Father Phelan rested his hand and the confiscated percolator on my desk, while he gave me a brief homily on the heinousness of my crime. I hung my head in shame, and my eye fell upon my dear friend and companion, Tito. As soon as Tito saw the percolator and Father Phelan's hand, he left his Greek text and came over to investigate as fast as his eight legs would carry him. He came closer and closer, and I raced through an Ave Maria. Tito came up to the plump white hand, touched it lightly with his front feet, and climbed boldly upon it.

I didn't really mind being confined to grounds for three months and deprived of dessert for six weeks. I don't like sweets, and during the Thursday afternoons, when my fellows were taking their weekly walks outside the grounds, I contrived to read fifteen volumes of Pastor's *Lives of the Popes*. It took me a long time, however, to accustom myself to the loss of Tito.

JOHN T. APPLEBY

The Arts and Entertainment

SIMPLE AND COMPLEX

THE history of music shows how the art is always oscillating between the simple and the complex. For generations, development proceeds along the lines of increasing complexity; designs become more extended, counterpoint more elaborate, harmony more chromatic, rhythms more varied, orchestras larger. Then, in answer to some natural law, the picture begins to change. All over the musical world, though never quite simultaneously, a reaction sets in. Part of the elaborate technique is abandoned, and music steps out bold and free again, like a man who has shed his winter overcoat. But the change is never permanent. Before long, complexity has returned by another door.

Everyone knows the most famous instance: the "monodic revolution" of *circa* 1600, when the vocal polyphony of the Golden Age (the culmination of centuries of musical development) crumbled before the attack of something new and intrinsically poorer, the declamatory "new style" of Florentine opera. But the triumph of the extreme modernists was short-lived. Throughout the seventeenth century, polyphonic elements crept back into Italian music, while in Germany the old contrapuntal traditions were never fully overthrown, but only modified by the new style. Within a hundred years or so, J. S. Bach had brought German music to a pitch of contrapuntal complexity hardly equalled before or since. That great man was a master of every style to which he set his hand; but there were times, as his own sons felt, when the old Cantor allowed himself to become a sort of machine for the manufacture of impeccable non-stop counterpoint. In his own day he became a back number. The younger generation hardly stopped to enquire "what he meant by his mountainous fugues"; they simply decided that, for the time being, they had had enough of the whole fugal machinery.

After fugue, sonata form (derived from the overtures to Italian opera) established itself as the standard musical pattern of the age. Soon, however, history began to repeat itself, and the simple texture and clear design of early sonata form, as practised by Haydn and Mozart, yielded to the unprecedented length and complexity of Beethoven's later style—into which, characteristically, fugue began to creep back. Then came the romantic movement which extended the language of harmony but shunned elaborately formal procedures. Long sonatas, like those of Schubert and Weber, became looser, more decorative and more lyrical, and made way for the briefer and more intimate forms of Schumann, Mendelssohn and Chopin. The symphony became picturesque, with Mendelssohn and Berlioz; then wilted. Italian opera, the all-conquering phenomenon of the period, had no feature that could be called complex unless we thus describe its vocal ornamentation; everything was subordinated to the brilliance and expressiveness of melody and the human voice.

The pendulum swung back. Throughout the latter part of the nineteenth century, and right up to 1914, there was a general increase of complexity in all spheres. Italian opera yielded, first to the grand historical pageants of Meyerbeer, then to the immense and complex *Gesamtkunstwerken* of Wagner; Verdi remained his Italian self, but was spurned by serious musicians until he attained the relative complexity of *Otello* and *Falstaff*. Orchestras ceaselessly swelled; piano technique reached prodigious heights in the hands of Liszt; the symphony became all-embracing and spread well beyond the duration of an hour; for the first time, light music was consciously relegated to an inferior category and became the business of different composers. The climax of the expansive tendency was reached in Mahler, early Schönberg, middle Strauss and late Scriabin.

This time, reaction was unavoidable. In scale and complexity, it was really impossible to go any further. Since the First War, there has been a revolt against romantic lushness, bringing with it a distaste for lavish and complex texture. We reach an age (of which Satie was the precursor) characterised by chamber orchestras, little spoof-operas, sinfoniettas and *jeux d'esprit* of all sorts. The change of climate can even be observed in the life-work of individual composers—in Strauss, Debussy, Ravel and Stravinsky, who all "lose weight" in the compositions of their later years. Schönberg, who began his career by writing scores of super-Romantic complexity, soon arrived at the same conclusion—that music had reached a dead-end of elaboration. He too experimented with slighter textures; his final solution, the twelve-note system, though probably designed as a renewal and simplification of musical procedure, has had a very different result from the listener's point of view: it has proved more abstruse and less accessible than any previous idiom.

What emerges from this rough historical conspectus? First, that not only individuals, but nations, have a pronounced bias in one direction or the other. Of the two leading musical nations, Germany has almost always stood for complexity, for instrumental music and for harmonic development, while Italy has stood for simplicity, for melody and the claims of the human voice. Second, that it is easy to put the clock back in terms of form, texture, length and emotional content; difficult in terms of harmony. But the voice, whether solo or in chorus, is recalcitrant to extreme chromaticism and awkward intervals; and this is one of the major problems of modern composers, who find it hard to write truly vocal music without falling into false naivety or pastiche. Third, that we listeners should be on our guard against allowing our natural bias to prejudice our judgments. Pure virtue belongs to neither party. The danger of simplicity is that it easily descends into the vapid, the superficial and the merely ear-tickling. The danger of complexity is that it often leads to the pedantic, the crabbed and the dull. Writers on music have a general tendency to prefer complexity, which gives them something on which to exercise their wits. They incline to equate strict counterpoint with virtue, tunefulness with slightness or frivolity. Yet Sibelius once remarked that young composers placed too much faith in counterpoint; and the truth seems to be that, like other musical devices, counterpoint is a good servant but a bad master. If I were asked to name an example of immense contrapuntal skill perfectly subordinated to melodic flow, I should point to the score of *Die Meistersinger*.

Whatever the bias of the age and of the individual, the antithesis between simple and complex is natural, healthy and liable to continue. Music, encumbered in increasingly elaborate clothes, has a constant need to strip and refresh herself in the limpid pools of melody; but if she dallies there too long, she will catch cold from exposure.

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

OFF WITH THE OLD

IT seems symbolic of this poor, sad little year in the theatre that its last week but one should stage three unimportant comedies, of which the first finished (all too justly) after seven nights, the second proclaimed itself ready to run for seven thousand performances in one thousand provincial reps, and the third, though in fact a routine French construction, seemed in comparison with what we have suffered the last few months almost good. Of the American piece *Remains To Be Seen*, a pap-food piece designed for those still well below the strip cartoon level, we need only say that it is gratifying to see that managers hopelessly underestimate the intelligence of our theatre audiences. It is probable, too, that *For Better, For Worse* (at the Comedy Theatre) falls below the level of sophistication suitable to metropolitan audiences. This is a simple comedy telling how a young couple set up "house" in a one-roomed flatlet. It has an appealing charm in the handling of these two characters, and Miss Geral-

dine McEwan and Mr. Leslie Phillips perfectly catch the flavour of innocence. But most of the other parts (though I must except from this Anthony Sharpe's superior young house agent) are from stock and these intrude a whole middle act of facetious farce.

Dear Charles, adapted from the French by Alan Melville, opens up an amusingly fresh comic situation, and then proceeds to develop it in a purely conventional way. It is a charming idea, the adored mother with her three adolescent children, to whom she has to confess that she couldn't, when it came to the point, commit herself to marrying any of their respective fathers. And how wise of her, we are induced to agree, when we see them collected together twenty years on—an English country squire, a Polish pianist and an irresistible French charmer. The complications following on their arrival may easily be imagined, and this—the lack of surprise or fantasy—is the real criticism of the play; the characters are stereotyped, the situations obvious. Yet, that admitted, it must be said that *Dear Charles* is continuously entertaining and gives Miss Yvonne Arnaud a fat and perfect Arnaud part; her fans will ask for nothing more.

So ends—or almost ends—disappointing 1952. The ferment and excitement which, optimistically, one discerned on the horizon two years ago might, for all the signs one can see of it now, have been a mere mirage. Yet at its beginning, 1952 did not look so dismal. At the Winter Garden Mr. Alec Clunes was trying his brave experiment of a repertory at moderate prices. The naturalistic drama made a strong bid for a come-back with two beautifully acted successes; there was Mr. Terence Rattigan's moving play, *The Deep Blue Sea*, so tenderly and truthfully interpreted by Miss Peggy Ashcroft and Mr. Kenneth More; and there was Clifford Odets's *Winter Journey*, in which Mr. Michael Redgrave, Miss Googie Withers and Mr. Sam Wannamaker made a brilliant trio. And then holding the fort for classical productions as so often before, and flying the flag of the highest standards, there was Mr. John Gielgud with the re-creation of his Stratford production of *Much Ado*, his own comedy acting reached a new height of polish and dazzle.

It is Mr. Gielgud, once again, who sets the New Year off on the right foot, with his enterprising season at the Lyric Hammersmith where, after opening with a production this week of *Richard II*, with Paul Scofield, he is to appear himself in *The Way Of The World* and Otway's *Venice Preserved*. And can we hope, too, that other energising influences will flow back from screen to stage, that Sir Laurence Olivier will return, bearing Mr. Peter Brook with him, and that all the theatrical managements will rise to their responsibilities in Coronation Year? Stratford, anyhow, promises infinite pleasure in a season that is to include *Antony and Cleopatra* and *King Lear*, with Peggy Ashcroft and Michael Redgrave heading a strong company; while the Old Vic, already rising from its ashes, will certainly be lively under the imaginative direction of Mr. Michael Benthall. On, then, with the new.

T. C. WORSLEY

TELEVISION NOTES

MAURIAC'S *Asmodée*, that awesome, claustrophobic, soul-searching little play, came through this month with a wonderful stillness and intensity. I do not remember when I have watched anything more memorable on television. Using the deft translation by Sir Basil Bartlett, Mr. Harold Clayton cleverly steered the small cast through the tortuous subtleties of this piece. The essence of the play consists of duologues, and the television screen was used so as to concentrate and highlight their dense, nervous significance. M. Mauriac's characteristic vacillating moral intrigue arises here from the impact made by a twenty-year-old English boy upon a stifled upper middle-class French Catholic household. High praise must go to the designer—that heavy atmosphere of death-in-life with which M. Mauriac has invested the great houses of his

. . . but Once a Year

and some of us catch ourselves saying, under our breath, Thank Heavens! But the lapse is usually momentary and, as often as not, occasioned by the unfulfilled list of presents—still to be purchased. Once these are attended to the spirits are restored and we settle down to enjoy everything the holiday brings with it.

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favourite Landes country was perfectly caught by Mr. Richard Wilmot.

The spacious, authentic-looking setting with its several aspects gave the producer great opportunity to shift the focus within a wide, single dramatic area. Smoothly, significantly, the cameras were manœuvred about; tacitly they commented, bringing into prominence now the formidable double-doors as these closed upon a long ambiguous conversation, now poignantly concentrating upon the children in the open-air terrace that looked towards the forest, then at climax with great effect, they would hold a "still" of the villainous tutor poised with his back to the screen upon the great stairway.

This tutor, incidentally, must have been a very difficult part in English (a lapsed candidate for priesthood, his evil supremacy over the household is threatened by the young, charming Asmodée), Peter Cushing played him, though, with frightening sincerity. So skilful, so audacious was the irony of the whole play that I only wish I had been given the opportunity to see it a second time. This no doubt was considered "minority" entertainment by the programme planners. But why, then, should Shakespeare's *Merry Wives* be awarded two performances? Still, one cathartic hundred minutes is an unexpected reward for six months regular devotions at the shrine of the household god.

For refreshing comedy—in a very different vein—what a rich delight was that satirical series *The Eric Barker Half Hour!* With merciless accuracy of impersonation Mr. Barker and his talented team have now deflated the habitual television watcher, the infinitely patient lady interviewer, the television chef, Newsreel . . . in fact, the entire entourage. I particularly liked his Interlude film of an announcer who, scantily clad, murmurs "I love you . . ." into the screen at regular intervals.

Down in the Valley, Kurt Weill's operatic sketch, produced by the light-fingered Philip Bate, was a sweet brief essay in the folk song and the square dance. Unusual camera-angles and settings suggested mainly by effects of lighting solved here with an admirable adroitness the problem of a quickly shifting scene and an unwieldy crowd.

During this year, one or two "genres"—may one call them?—of programme which are uniquely effective on television have clearly emerged. Outstandingly so is the spontaneous topical expert discussion, the panel; an offshoot of this, the armchair interview with an international sage also has considerable possibilities (as the television film made in America by Bertrand Russell proved). Where drama is concerned the old-fashioned well-made play alone seems reliably to hold the screen. In light entertainment, the scrapbook of past shows and the theatrical biography give pleasant opportunities. But, despite its steadily increasing prestige, one must add that television shows yet no signs of producing its own original form of art.

ANTHONY CURTIS

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THE MOVIES

FOR several years I've spoilt sport: this is the time when every film reviewer, and presumably every film fan too, enjoys a summing-up, a list, a farewell (or good riddance) to one twelve-month and hail to another. Very well then, let's join in the game. How fared 1952? First the list:

1. *Limelight.*
2. *Rashomon.*
3. *Casque d'Or.*
4. *Miracle of Milan.*
5. *The River.*
6. *Due Soldi di Speranza.*
7. *Los Olvidados.*
8. *Tora-No-O.*
9. *The Last Stage.*
10. *Viva Zapata, Springtime in Italy, Les Enfants Terribles*, or *Olivia.*

This—no funking—is in order of preference, and contains only one cheat: I haven't yet seen *Casque d'Or* (reviewed by Mr. Gavin Lambert during an absence), but putting opinion and opinion together, it would fall, I think, where I've indicated. My standard is simply what I wish most to see again; and I derive some reassurance from the fact that these are the films I enjoyed most at the time. Those who inordinately praise, and then forget, should be made to re-view what once (so they say) ravished them. Kilimanjaro! Quo Vadis! Pickwick! Carrie! The posters belauding them still here and there hang in strips; and so, I feel, would the belauders; if they were made to eat their words, that's to say, sit through their own choices. But then, of course, most film critics defend themselves by saying that their preferences aren't their own, but (by some spirit of divination) other people's.

Limelight comes back first, no question: anyone thinking otherwise I am quite ready to regard as a sort of imbecile. *Rashomon* is another matter: I understand people being horrified, repelled, chilled; nevertheless, it holds its place; and if we could doubt for an instant the mastery of Akira Kurosawa, there is *Tora-No-O*, a rather slighter piece, to sustain his talent. *Miracle of* (or *in?*) *Milan* seems to one not only De Sica, but triumphant in its soar of fancy. *The River* brings us the landscape and friendliness of India, and the worst you could say of Renoir's Chekhovery is that you can't stick the American. I don't see why you should. Castellani's *Due Soldi* (or *Two Ha'porth of Hope*) brought an even more furious smack of impulses and of lives than did *Springtime in Italy*. The cruel realism and visual clarities of Bunuel's *Los Olvidados* were almost faultless. No other film has come within miles of the terrible pity of *The Last Stage*, with the unbearable Auschwitz for its theme. And for last place there's Elia Kazan's successor to *Kane*, Castellani's second film already mentioned, Cocteau's *Les Enfants Terribles*, which is perhaps better Cocteau than film, and Jacqueline Audry's *Olivia*, more cinema than sense. Such the year, and to my mind, a pretty good one.

And it had minor pleasures. (Again, I make the only choice I can: what my inkling is most to return to.) Another list:

1. Autant-Lara's story of Pride in *The Seven Deadly Sins.*
2. Ludwig Bemelmans's cartoon, *Madeline.*
3. The introduction to *The Sound Barrier.*
4. James Broughton's *Looney Tom.*
5. Paul Hessaerts' *From Renoir to Picasso.*
6. Gene Kelly's solo in *Dancing in the Rain.*
7. Raimu in *Les Inconnus dans la Maison* and Jouvet in *Lady Paname.*
8. The Homeric battle in Ford's *The Quiet Man.*
9. Magnani's song in *Volcano.*
10. The first half of Laughton's seedy gentleman of the parks in the O. Henry film.

Otherwise the year passed much as usual. The British Film Institute became the National Film Theatre; American war propaganda grew more intense, and Russian peace propaganda more delusive; Simone Signoret was the actress, Marlon Brando the actor, of the year; our own directors, Carol Reed, David Lean, Thorold Dickinson, all offered their second-best. The hopes for 1953 are in revivals, in the post-Disney cartoon, in France and Italy, where wit, charm, beauty, pity, and devotion still win the day.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

Max Ernst, at the I.C.A.

These 50 paintings, collages and prints (1913-52) demonstrate, and reveal the secret of, Ernst's fascination. It isn't simply a question of the sexual, surrealist bogeys—now somewhat exorcised—of his subject matter; nor even his dustbin raking—every texture, shape and colour he uses suggests scrap or garbage. It is the inherent contrast between his manner and content. Ernst is a feeble draughtsman, and, as often happens, his pictures are therefore very fussy. This is even true of his apparently more virile pictures of "baroque" horses and foliage, for in these the "organic" curves are the result of flicking the canvas with a piece of string rubbed in charcoal, the more suggestive shapes being carefully filled in afterwards. Technically, Ernst works like an old lady painting a Christmas card. But his ideas are those of a precocious, terrible adolescent. This contrast between the fastidiousness of the one and the enormity of the other, appalls and hypnotises—like the idea of being incongruously eaten alive by ants, instead of a lion. The most successful works in the show (shown on request) are the volumes of his picture-book *Une Semaine de Bonté* (1934). These, made up of the most ingeniously joined collages from nineteenth-century magazine engravings, allow him to employ his destructive poetic imagination without having to draw a line. Fashion-plates with horrific animal heads, Tenniel Alices raped and strung up, insects, floods, wounds, suburban railway carriages—one could dismiss them as a secret vice, were it not for Hiroshima.

J. B.

Correspondence

KENYA

SIR,—It is a pity that Mr. Kingsley Martin in his Report on Kenya in your issue of November 29 has misrepresented some of the facts in the Kenya situation, especially as he has now been able to visit this country. For instance, it is incorrect to say that the settlers own a "proportion, variously estimated at a third or a half, of all the good land of Kenya." Mr. Kingsley Martin could have obtained the correct figures, which I send you herewith.

One-twentieth of the total land area or 18 per cent of the Highlands are reserved for European settlement, whereas rather more than one-fifth of the total area, or 76 per cent, of the Highlands are held in trust by the Native Lands Trust Board for the various African tribes. The balance is either used by nomadic tribes such as the Masai and Northern Frontier peoples, or, after reclamation from tsetse fly, is available for African settlement, as, for instance, in the districts adjoining the Akamba country. When the various claims on the European Highways were examined by the Commission under the Chairmanship of Sir Maurice Carter in 1932, the Kikuyu claims amounted to 33 square miles, which were met by an award of that amount of equally good land plus an additional 383 square miles.

No mention is also made of the fact that, in addition to 5,000 Europeans, approximately 400,000 Africans work in the European Highlands, and the total agricultural production amounts to £20 million per year.

Mr. Kingsley Martin also makes a reference to discussions in Kenya centred on the desirability or otherwise of European women flogging Africans on their farms. I merely wish to record that in 27 years in this country I, personally, have never heard such discussions, nor do I know of a single case of this nature.

We have an immensely difficult task in Kenya, and we shall not achieve a solution to our problems unless all communities are prepared to make adjustments. It is obvious, I think, that we can create in our political relations neither the conditions of the Gold Coast nor the conditions of South Africa, and the extremists in all communities must be brought to realise this. Indeed, it is possible that out of our present troubles with the Mau Mau movement a greater realisation of this fact may come about.

My object in writing to you is to suggest that misrepresentation of the facts here, especially by those who by now have first-hand knowledge of Kenya, does not assist in solving our difficulties. The extremist claims made equally by Europeans and by Africans again do not help in creating the conditions in which we all can learn to live here together without fear or dislike. True and unbiased reporting of our difficulties and problems is one way of helping us to deal with the extremist, whatever his race. MICHAEL BLUNDELL

Legislative Council, Nairobi.

[This letter is referred to in our Comments.—ED., *N. S. & N.*]

SIR,—Why is it that, in all the discussion on Kenya, the aspect that is most important is least stressed? I refer to the *political* future of Kenya. The events there are in essence part of a revolution which has already transformed the face of Asia; it has brought near self-government to West Africa and also to the West Indies. In all these countries the coloured races have asserted themselves; they have demanded—and all but achieved—an equal status with the white man. Nothing can now hold back this tide, and we as Socialists certainly do not see ourselves in the posture of King Canute. Economic reforms, land settlement, co-operatives and trade unions are all very important, but they are subsidiary matters in the great emotional wave which has engulfed all these peoples. The wave will never now subside until the psychological need for "equality" has been satisfied.

In East and Central Africa this is a peculiarly difficult problem, because Black and White live there side by side. The political expression of African aspirations has to take shape in the context of a mixed society, where each race (and in Kenya, there are Indians and Arabs to be satisfied too) can assume responsibility without infringing the rights of the others. It is just because there seems to be no solution to this teaser, that even moderate Africans lose hope. They have nothing, under present conditions, to offer their people, which would meet their burning emotional needs. The people are left to take recourse in the primitive irrationalities of Mau Mau. I simply cannot see how any African leaders, no matter how "moderate" and willing to co-operate, can swing the people, and get them to take part wholeheartedly in even the most enlightened schemes of betterment, unless they can command responsibility, and the status for their race which only the exercise of responsibility can give.

In Tanganyika an attempt is being made to meet the psychology of the situation by new constitutional proposals—already accepted by representatives of all three races there and by the Colonial Office. The new Legislature is to consist of an exactly equal number of representatives of each race, balanced by officials equal in number to the representatives of the three races combined. This is nothing like self-government and is no final solution, but at least for the time being there will be parity of representation and "parity of esteem" (which is the vital point) between the three races in the Legislature. Kenya Africans are no more primitive than Tanganyika Africans, but the Kenya Europeans have refused such a solution. For them, parity means that European representatives must equal the representatives of all the other races combined. What is more, the European representatives are democratically elected, while the Africans are all nominated by the Governor. No sort of franchise has been introduced.

This is not the place to elaborate the sort of constitution which might bring peace to Kenya today. But I am convinced that nothing short of giving equality of status to the Africans will do the trick there. Without that, effective African leadership simply cannot develop. There is hunger in Kenya, but even when man is hungry he does not live by bread alone. At bottom the whole revolt of Asia and Africa is at least as much a demand for equality of respect, as for more land, more food and more houses. RITA HINDEN

SIR,—Much has been said in the papers recently about the activities of the native in Kenya, and very little about the White man who employs him. As a visitor to Kenya for eight months, my impression was that too much is left to the goodwill or otherwise of the employer of African labour and not sufficient provision is made in the regulations covering employment of native labour to safeguard those natives who serve a bad employer. Also there seemed to be no adequate scale of wages for agricultural workers; on one farm where I stayed, wages were as low as 6d. per day plus the daily ration of posho (maize meal). Such a wage can only be conducive to stealing. The owner of this estate was irate because some of his workers had eaten salt left in the fields for his cattle. Surely a minimum wage should be given, sufficient to provide additional food, including salt, vegetables and meat, also to cover the cost of clothing he is expected to wear (some workers wear the most unbelievable rags) leaving something to be saved towards poll tax, the buying of one blanket (many have none) and a wife.

Corporal punishment dealt out by employers should be abolished. It is just as wrong for the European to assault a native as it is for a native to assault a European; if corporal punishment is needed it should be dealt out by a magistrate's court after a fair trial. While having tea in the house of a prominent settler, I was given advice as to how to deal with lazy native labour should I decide to remain and settle in Kenya; first I was warned that it was no longer legal to draw blood when giving a beating and the following is the practice which I was advised to make use of:—

To get the native head boy to strip the culprit and to make him lie down under a wet sheet and to beat him through this with his kiboko.

This method I was told enabled one to give harder beating without any risk of drawing blood. Elspeth Huxley, in a letter to the *Daily Telegraph* dated November 1, compared Kenyatta with Hitler, but are these not also Nazi methods?

Other incidents which I witnessed and which struck me as conducive to bitterness and lust for revenge were:—

(1) The crunching with a booted foot on the bare toes of a native, who (after working hours) did not immediately stand to attention when his White master appeared.

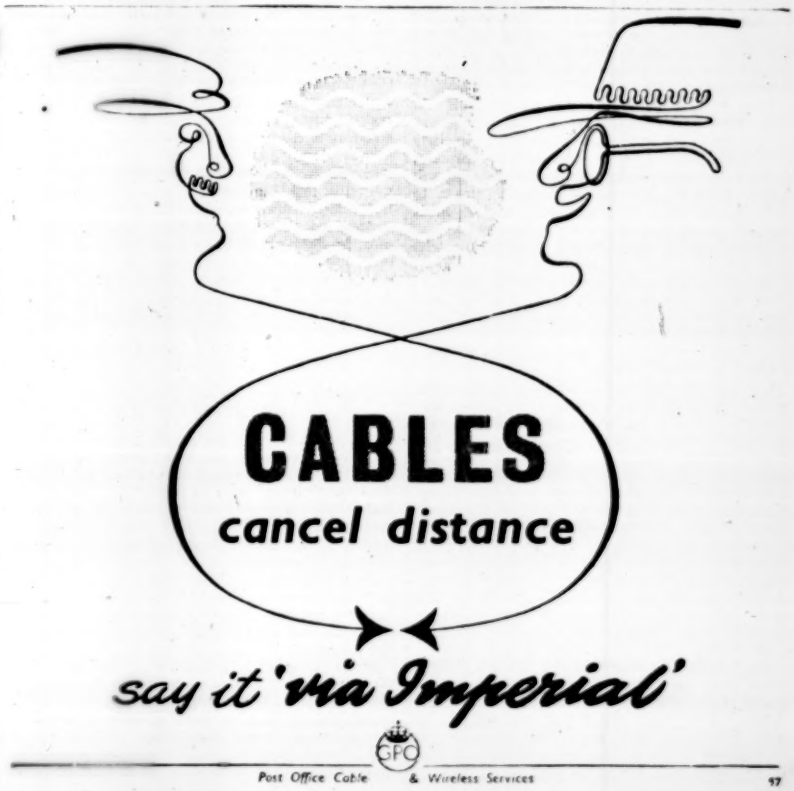
(2) The placing in chains of one native by another at the request of the European employer.

Further, it appears that a White motorist has no liability for damage to native cattle on the road—one, in whose car I was a passenger, did not even slow down (as he did for European cattle), but simply drove through a small flock of sheep, herded by native boys, and cut up those that did not get out of the way fast enough. His remark was "They are only native vermin!"

Further still, a native found drunk is promptly jailed: a European in the same state is helped home by native servants. A native carrying a parcel is liable to be stopped by a policeman and jailed if the parcel is found to contain European clothing; one excellent houseboy, to whom I gave some discarded clothing for his wife and children, was at first delighted, and then very downcast because he feared arrest on his way home, which would prevent him from tilling his shamba to provide food for his family.

Personally, I also was frustrated in Nairobi by not being allowed to return invitations from Indian friends, a doctor and his wife (whose children attend a public school in England) as being coloured they were not allowed to enter any European hotel or tea-room. At a hockey match, to which they invited me, they had to sit in one part of the enclosure, while I was expected to sit in another (the European better half). Needless to say, the African natives were not allowed within the gates at all.

Byron School House, HELEN L. RICHARD
The Orchard, Cambridge.



SIR,—The Colonial Secretary has played the old trick again by appointing an African Chief on the Royal Commission. The Honourable Chief is a nominated member of the Tanganyika Executive Council and, be it noted, the Commission's terms of reference include Tanganyika. His official status makes him completely unsuited for being a member of such an important commission, at such a momentous period in the history of East Africa. Besides fulfilling the idea of having an African with a capital "A" on the Commission, I am certain he will remain a mere picture on the wall, as do most nominated African members of East African legislatures. He might perhaps prove a suitable specimen for the distinguished lady Social Anthropologist to anthropologise the whole institution of chieftainship—which is badly failing to appeal to articulate African leadership.

It is indeed a shattering disappointment that a distinguished West African or, even for that matter, a West Indian was not asked to serve. Such a person would certainly command both the respect and confidence of most Africans in the three territories. Once again hope and confidence are a tantalising mirage.

A BANTU

PRAGUE PURGE

SIR,—So Mr. Frankel, with great haste, has publicly announced his resignation from the Communist Party. He is shocked! What at? At the terror raging against the people of Kenya, at the brutal warfare in Malaya where whole villages are ground into dust by bulldozers, or at the fearsome happenings in Korea, where napalm, the most horrible form of mutilation and torture ever conceived in the mind of man, is in daily use? No, not at these. On the contrary, when these heroic peoples are battling for freedom, Mr. Frankel, in the name of "culture" deserts them. He's "shocked" at the rapidity of the trials and executions in Czechoslovakia. He's not original in that respect. Maxim Gorky was "shocked" at the rapidity of trials and executions following the revolution in the Soviet Union. But he didn't rush into print and bare his tender soul to the public gaze like Mr. Frankel. He went to see Lenin, and Lenin, with little trouble, was able to convince him that if they didn't deal sharply and finally with wreckers, saboteurs and traitors, then it would mean death for thousands of workers.

What sort of Communist is this man Frankel? At a time when the class war is raging more fiercely than ever before, when the imperialists and particularly the utterly callous monsters who dominate America and to a very great and growing extent Britain, will stick at nothing, wrecking, sabotage or murder, to hold back the advance of the working class, he is "shocked" at the death of a few proven traitors.

To-day, the erstwhile friends of the Nazis who could look philosophically on the torture of millions of innocent people, have become overnight "friends" of the Jews. They are almost drowned in their own crocodile tears at the fate of a small group of Jews, tried and found guilty, with others, as traitors to their own country. And Mr. Frankel affects to be taken in with this. Very touching.

But what about the Jews in America? What about the Rosenbergs, that tragic young father and mother who have never ceased to proclaim their innocence, and against whom there is not one scrap of real evidence? And the many Jewish Communists, equally innocent of any offence, serving five years imprisonment? Or take the case of Steve Nelson, who fought against Fascism in Spain, who is serving a sentence of 20 years under the McCarran Act for the new "crime" of teaching the principles of Marx and Lenin, and who at the moment is facing a further trial under the Smith Act for the same "offence" and for which he can get another five years. Has this "shocked?" Mr. Frankel? Has he done anything for them? Has he poured forth his feelings in the press? No. According to his statement in the London *Evening Standard* he has isolated himself from the Party for the past two years because our culture didn't come up to his standard.

What a story! Two years of silence, and now he breaks it to say, in effect, let the Rosenbergs die, let Steve Nelson rot in gaol, let them perish in Kenya, Malaya and Korea. I'm getting out.

I think he'll need a better excuse than the trials in Prague for such questionable conduct.

WILLIAM GALLACHER

SIR,—Since, in the eyes of the stage managers of Communist treason trials, objective truth is a "bourgeois concept" and since, on the other hand, Western commentators on the particularly beastly massacre of old Communists are operating with the concepts of truth and falsehood, it is almost inevitable that the definition of Moscow's objective in staging the Prague trial when it did and in putting such a strangely mixed assortment of defendants in the dock can at best be guesswork.

But it is certainly wrong to say, as one of your correspondents Mr. Weisskopf does, that Czechoslovakia "has *now* become a mere satrapy of the Soviet Union." In fact the trial has in no way changed that country's dependent status towards the U.S.S.R. It has merely confirmed what has been true ever since 1948. It is a dangerous oversimplification to say that the object of the trial was chiefly the elimination of "potential Titos." On the contrary, the Titoist aspect of the proceedings has been strangely muted and under-played. Yet one notable absence from the trial has evidently escaped the notice of the analysts, and yet it is in many ways far more intriguing than "those present." Throughout the proceedings, which ranged practically over the whole field of Czech political and economic life, the trade unions (U.R.O.) were passed over in complete silence! This is all the more remarkable as, less than two years ago, the present Prime Minister Zapotocky and the then secretary-general Evzen Erban (a former Social Democrat), were removed from their leading positions in the Czech T.U.C. The only possible inference from this striking omission is that the Czech failure to deliver the—heavy industrial—goods to Russia in accordance with the Five Year Plan, some of the authors of which have ended on the gallows, would almost certainly have been aggravated in the months to come had the trade unions been implicated in the trial.

"The real crime," your Correspondent remarked, "never emerged" during the trial. But it cannot be emphasised too often that "crime," i.e., evil, is again a "bourgeois concept" which is absent from the equipment of the guardians and interpreters of the Communist legal codex. Purge trials have become a permanent and indispensable feature of the Stalinist regimes, just as bye-elections and general elections are a feature of democratic government. For in a Communist State the fiction prevails that policy is scientifically deduced and therefore infallible, with the result that, if a change of policy is decided upon in the highest quarters whose infallibility must never be doubted, those responsible for previous measures must be shown to be traitors and deviationists. The only justifiable deduction from the Prague purge appears to be that such a violent switch in policy is impending. Both accusation and sentence are, in Communist eyes, an unavoidable and not very important preliminary step towards such an end.

STEPHEN W. POLLAK

SPANISH TRIALS

SIR,—Last July, the nation-wide protest movement on behalf of Gregorio Lopez Raimundo and 26 other leaders of the Barcelona general strike of March, 1951, who were being court-martialled by the Franco authorities, culminated in the sending by the International Brigade Association of Mr. David Widdicombe, LL.B., together with an interpreter, to attend the trial as observer.

As a result of the international sympathy aroused on behalf of the Barcelona strike leaders, success was achieved not alone in saving the lives of these Spanish democrats but also in securing the release of 23 of the prisoners.

News has now been received of the transfer of Raimundo from Barcelona Prison to the notorious Penal Dueso in Santander, and so far from anticipating his release grave fears are entertained for his continued safety and well-being.

Meanwhile, further news has been received by the International Brigade Association of another court-martial pending against 42 young Spanish democrats arrested by the Franco authorities in December, 1949, and held at Barcelona Prison since then without trial.

As it was abundantly clear during the course of the trial of the Barcelona strike leaders that the presence of international observers exercised a considerable influence not alone on the conduct of the trial but also in securing the reduction of the sentences originally demanded by the Prosecution, it has been decided by the International Brigade Association to endeavour to secure the presence of a further British observer at the forthcoming court-martial of the 42 young Spaniards now awaiting trial.

At the moment of writing, the Executive Committee of the Union of Democratic Control have signified their willingness to act as a sponsoring body for such an observer.

May I appeal most urgently to all democratic and liberally minded organisations and individuals to make representations to the Spanish Embassy, 24 Belgrave Square, London, S.W.1, demanding the release of these victims of the Franco regime, and to write the Foreign Office urging intervention on their behalf.

Funds are also urgently needed to extend the campaign on behalf of these trade unionists and democrats and to meet the expense of sending the observer chosen, together with interpreter, by air to Barcelona immediately on receipt of the scanty 36 hours' notice of trial customarily granted by the Franco authorities.

ALEC DIGGES,
Secretary,
International Brigade Association
374 Gray's Inn Road, W.C.1.

PEDDLED INSURANCE

SIR,—With reference to the article, "Peddled Insurance," in your issue of October 18, as the company concerned in the transaction to which you refer, we think it right you should know that whereas Mr. X evidently stated his £600 Book was only worth £550 when he sold it, settlement for its sale was made by us by a credit note for £200 (earning 4% p.a.) and a cheque for £420—a total exceeding his original purchase-price.

Instead "of repeated applications" for payment of some of the money in his credit note, he wrote us but two letters—one giving change of address and the other about interest—saying nothing whatever concerning hardship. Also, not only did he *not* press "for the rest of his money," but we heard nothing further from him until November 6, when we invited him to see us at any time; he came on the 18th and we willingly paid him the whole balance due to him, despite the terms of his agreement with us.

As this company is not named in your article, we do not wish our name to appear, but we think these, doubtless quite unintentional, misstatements should be corrected.

"THE LOAN COMPANY"

THE COMPLEX FATE

SIR,—In Mr. Graham Hough's review of *The Complex Fate* in your issue of December 6, he quotes out of context a sentence of mine on Wallace Stevens, of which he says: "Sentences like this are written for illuminati." As Mr. Hough has excerpted it, it certainly looks like one part Harriet Monroe's impressionism to five parts Madame Blavatsky. But that's one cocktail I don't propose to drink. The terms of the sentence quoted, intolerable if invented gratuitously by any critic, merely employ images out of two poems by Stevens which were quoted in the preceding pages of the essay, and discussed at length. The sentence is a terse, uninventive summing up, and the horrible, frilled, insinuating thing that Mr. Hough brings forward under his own auspices has no relation with the sentence as it modestly appears in the context. I certainly do not wish to dispute Mr. Hough's perfect right to think what he pleases about my essay on Stevens; I write only for the sake of dissociating myself as quickly and as cleanly as possible from my sentence as Mr. Hough has re-created it in his review.

531 Hudson Street, MARIUS BEWLEY
New York City.

Christmas Diversions

PRESENTS

Where in fiction do the following curious presents occur?

1. A vacuum-cleaning.
2. Twelve bottles of poisoned Anjou wine.
3. Five orange pips.
4. A "vallyble old tea-caddy" in which tobacco had been kept for years—till the hinge at the back got broke.
5. Three gifties: one round, one flat and square and written upon, one cubical.
6. "Some hem-stitched sheets edged with real lace and a photo of himself in a striking attitude."
7. "Everything I've said as yet."

GHOSTS

Who are the following ghosts, in what story does each appear, and who wrote it?

1. One of his many engaging notions was to "grabble at the counterpane with palsy-twitching fingers."
2. It was small and black, red-eyed, and indescribably malevolent.
3. He was a shortish old gentleman in a black cloak, with a very nasty bald head, dusty-looking and streaked with wisps of dry hair; and over the eye-sockets, from eyebrows to cheekbones, were cobwebs—thick.
4. His body was transparent, so that the two buttons behind him were visible through his waistcoat.
5. "He was thinner and sillier and more pointless than if he had been real and alive"—and he had never "gone haunting" before.
6. His ambition had been a military career; now, his ghastly uniform seemed to proclaim him a soldier in some horrid battalion of the dead.
7. She appeared at noon, just as the clock was striking twelve, in a gown of scoured silk, striped, and newly made up.
8. It was a wailing and a sobbing amid the driving snow; a tapping, a feeble scratching at the casement; a child's face; a little ice-cold hand . . .—and a nightmare only?

CHAPTER ONE

Which well-known novels begin thus?

1. "Not a day passes over the earth, but men and women of no note do great deeds, speak great words, and suffer noble sorrows."
2. "The stranger came early in February, one wintry day, through a biting wind and a driving snow, the last snowfall of the year, over the down, walking from Bramblehurst Railway Station, and carrying a little black portmanteau in his thickly-gloved hand."
3. "It is a truth universally acknowledged, that a single man in possession of a good fortune must be in want of a wife."
4. "In the year 1878 I took my degree of Doctor of Medicine of the University of London, and proceeded to Netley to go through the course prescribed for surgeons in the Army."
5. "We were in class when the head-master came in, followed by a 'new boy, not wearing the school uniform, and a school servant carrying a large desk."
6. "All happy families resemble one another, every unhappy family is unhappy after its own fashion."
7. "Wilson sat on the balcony of the Bedford Hotel with his bald pink knees thrust against the ironwork."
8. "With a single drop of ink for a mirror, the Egyptian sorcerer undertakes to reveal to any chance comer far-reaching visions of the past."
9. "This is the story of what a Woman's patience can endure, and what a Man's resolution can achieve."
10. "He lay flat on the brown, pine-needled floor of the forest, his chin on his folded arms, and high overhead the wind blew in the tops of the pine trees."
11. "I returned from the City about three o'clock on that May afternoon pretty well disgusted with life."

LUNATIC LOGIC

1. Wizzly woskies are always twizzical.
2. Nothing that is both axipated and mizzly can fail to be a polynog.
3. Those mellicles which are bimps are rumptious.
4. Polynoggery is incompatible with zoobishness.
5. Woskies are either wizzly or mizzly, never both; all are axipated.
6. Everything twizzical is a zoob.
7. No mizzly woskies are rumptious.
8. All zoobs are mellicles; those mellicles which are not zoobs are bimps.

What is the discoverable relation between woskies and mellicles?

PERPLEXING PICNIC

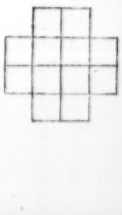
The picnic party (all grown ups) had ample room in "Bumper's" six-seater car, even with the lunch basket on one of the seats. While Mr. Brown and the owner were debating who should take the wheel, Mr. Jones got some grease on his new cream flannels, which "Bumper" tried unsuccessfully to remove with his handkerchief. "Nubby's" frock was the same colour as George's trousers; Emily wore a grey dress with brown shoes and stockings; Helen, tennis shoes and white socks. Widow Betsy, who was all in black, was as usual a wet blanket and determined never to remarry. Miss Brown, still in her teens, killed more wasps than Emily. Mrs. Jones is younger than George but seven years older than Arnold and "Nubby," who are twins. Maud has never changed her surname; her mother has the same surname as Edward. Mrs. Brown has been happily married for the last decade. George and one of the ladies announced their engagement during lunch, whereupon "Bumper's" mother upset the sardines; Mr. Jones voraciously finished up even the spoiled ones.

Everyone mentioned above was at the picnic. No member of the party has ever changed his or her surname (except by marriage). What is the relationship between: Mr. and Mrs. Jones; Edward and Helen; and "Nubby" and "Bumper"? What colour was Helen's frock? How many of the sardines were consumed by Mrs. Brown's husband?

SOME NUMERICAL PUZZLES

1. Using the nine digits 1 to 9, (a) arrange them in magic-square formation; (b) separate them into three 3-digit squares; (c) separate them into three primes totalling less than 1,000; (d) separate them into a set of squares having as low a total as possible.

2. Using the four digits 1, 2, 7 and 9, form the following four-digit permutations: (a) a square; (b) a cube; (c) a pair of primes whose difference is a square; (d) a pair of primes whose difference is a cube.

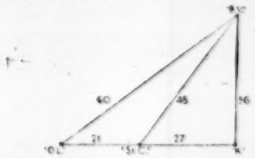


3. Place the numbers 1 to 12 in the given diagram so that the sum of the squares along any line of four has the same value.

VILLAINY AFOOT

Four villains, "Old Lag," Crimes, "Killer" and "Butch," live in four houses called "Old Lagton," "St. Crimes," "Killersly," and "Butch Villa," each in a house named after one of the others. The houses and the only roads connecting them are situated as shown, "St. Crimes" being 21 minutes walk from "Old Lagton," and so on.

At twelve o'clock one clear moonlight night each villain sets out on foot to visit one of the others, but finding him out makes a second journey, and in some cases a third, but not more



than three altogether. By this stage everyone (except the victim) is home again, the only encounters having been that between the murderer and his victim, and the discovery of the body. No one pauses for more than a second or two, except the victim, who is shot at 1.12 in the road outside one of the houses, after he has been lurking there for six minutes. (His only halt.) An ordinary revolver with one chamber fired is found beside the body. Crimes was not in the neighbourhood of "St. Crimes" at any time during the night, nor did he hear the shot. "Killer" was the first to visit the scene of the crime that night.

Who murdered whom, and where? And by whom, and at what time, was the body discovered?

Answers are given on page 789

This week in

The Listener

Benedetto Croce: Some Personal Recollections
GUIDO CALOGERO

Edwin Drood and Governor Eyre
K. J. FIELDING

The World and the Greeks and the Romans
ARNOLD TOYNBEE

Against the Grain of American History
PETER DE MENDELSSOHN

Mulled Wine and other Christmas Fare
ISABELLE VISCHER

Television for Marine Research
HAROLD BARNES

The Celestial Damsels of Khajrao
FRANCIS WATSON

A BBC Publication

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Books in General

GLASGOW architecture is mostly classical. The main streets are full of draughtsmanly competence—so unlike London, where one receives the impression that the commercial buildings of the Eighties and Nineties were designed by ambitious office-boys after brief sketching-tours in Belgium. Glasgow had a tradition—not in the vague and now too commonly accepted sense merely of background, but in the real sense of transmitted values. There were always one or two big offices where architecture was conducted on a serious level, so that, from Georgian times, the city was never without its masters. Hamilton, Wilson, Rochead, Thomson, Sellars, the Burnets, were all solid, classical men, and the late James Miller continued the tradition between the wars. What has happened since the solid, classical man became an anomaly I am unable to say.

Three Glasgow architects in the past have been of more than local consequence. Two of them—Thomson and J. J. Burnet—were within the succession of the masters. Alexander Thomson, called "Greek" Thomson, flourished in the Fifties and Sixties, and left behind him churches, commercial buildings and blocks of houses which one rediscovers still with a shock of delight. A remote, belated heir to the revolutionary visions of late eighteenth-century France, he liked to compose in square-cut blocks and archæological porticos, dramatically piled against each other. He had a lively sense of modelling and saw no harm in blending Egyptian, Greek and Hindu ornament—a blend which, if sometimes quaint, enabled its inventor to handle everyday Glasgow problems in a fascinating and sometimes prophetic way.

Two generations later came Sir John Burnet. Londoners know this master—Paris-trained and more urbane than Thomson (whom he admired)—through the magniloquent north front of the British Museum—perhaps the only completely successful monumental building of Edwardian London, but a Glasgow building at heart.

The third Glasgow architect to become famous outside his own city presents us with a very different case. Charles Rennie Mackintosh, to whom Mr. Thomas Howarth has devoted a compendious and admirably careful monograph,* was a product of the Glasgow tradition, but sprang sideways into a little adventure of his own—a brief, flickering escapade which, long before its hero died, had been classed as one of those things which might just as well not have happened. I remember talking, in 1929, to a Scottish architect who had known Mackintosh in his hey-day. "What," he said, "that! But anybody can do that!" Mackintosh had died, unnoticed, in the previous year. His home reputation had predeceased him by twenty.

Today, how different! The forgotten man has been manœuvred into immortality. He is a Pioneer of the Modern Movement—the main British tributary of the stream which by 1930 had become a river and which now carries all before it in the Western world; so that no handbook to modern architecture is complete without a photograph of the Glasgow Art School, its tapering lines (since it can hardly be photographed without tilting the camera) converging towards a heaven of hope, glory and Le Corbusier.

The installation of Charles Rennie Mackintosh as an Early Father is a curious episode in historiography. Mostly when artistic movements begin to classify their own antecedents it means that, as *movements*, they have stopped; and this, in long perspective, may prove to have been the case with the modern movement in architecture. It was in 1933 that Mr. P. Morton Shand began to write its history in the *Architectural Review*. I do not remember that Mr. Shand gave Mackintosh a very prominent place in his story, and it was left to Professor Pevsner to inaugurate the apotheosis. "The one real forerunner of Le Corbusier" he called Mackintosh in 1936, invoking in the next sentence the fellowship of Borromini, Guarini and Neumann as masters of space. Since then, Mr. Howarth has given seven years' research to the documentation of Mackintosh's life and the cataloguing of his works; in his principal building, the School of Art, there is a Mackintosh Museum; and one of his lesser works has been purchased for preservation as an historic building. This is generous and proper restitution; but it is permissible, I think, to doubt whether Mackintosh was really a better or more progressive architect than, say, his contemporary Glaswegian, Sir John Burnet; and to wonder whether our present adulation of him has not more in it of self-justification than of sincere obeisance to greatness.

The pioneering, surely, does not greatly matter—unless, indeed, we wish to canonise all who ushered, however involuntarily, the Le Corbusier dawn. Mackintosh held, so far as one can gather, no particular philosophy of architecture, and his work can just as easily be esteemed an end as a beginning. As an artist he had certain obsessions. He was involved with those decorative forms which, for some inexplicable reason, gave profound, almost religious pleasure to certain middle-class elements in the fifteen or twenty years around the turn of the century. Of these forms the most obvious and all-pervading is what one may call the art-lily—a long, straight, stiff tube bursting suddenly into a bubble at the top, the bubble being a flower, mostly a lily but often a tulip or a heart and sometimes a face—the face of a languid Madonna, an under-nourished sprite or, as in Beardsley, a shrivelled equivocation between the two. The thing about the art-lily was its extreme tension, its tiny, delicate, virginal essence, its icy withdrawal from everything worldly. Among the artists who fell in love with this untouchable plant, Mackintosh was the only one who transferred the entire significance of it, and of all its companion symbols, into architecture. This he did with astonishing and absolute success, for it resides in his proportions, his curves and textures, as well as in his ornamental details. In his most sensationally "modernist" *coup*—the Art School wing of 1907—the lily-stem streams up in the long library windows and the flower peeps out of the embrasures above.

This is the architecture of the *fin-de-siècle* neurosis and has exactly as much to do with modern architecture as have Liverpool Cathedral on the one hand and the White City on the other. As pioneering it can, I suppose, be considered a gesture of liberation, and Mr. Howarth makes it clear that among the Secessionists in Vienna the work of Mackintosh brought Spring-like inspiration: there was talk of "a Christ-like mood . . . strength, purity, simplicity and fervour." Students drew Mackintosh and his wife through Vienna in a flower-decked carriage; he was "our master, the greatest since the Gothic."

Pioneering apart, how does Mackintosh stand up to the tests of greatness? His genius is best justified by a strictly selective study of his work. Take the Art School alone and it is certainly remarkable. It was an extremely cheap building and the architect had to struggle hard to make the terms of a bare factory-like conception into something his very own. He succeeded, and the north front has a naked vigour which is not only a startling innovation for 1897 but brilliantly offset by the management of detail, by contrasts in scale and deft modelling. Of ornament there is little—only a couple of dozen lilies used as stiffeners for the studio windows, more lilies (or teaspoons) growing up in clusters out of the iron railings, and a few rudimentary hoods, cornices and architraves. Within, the studios are grim and bare as studios should be, but in the curious central staircase the lily-stem begins to take charge: the balustrades, not content with their function, grow to a stupendous height and become a stalky palisade. Here one begins to grow apprehensive, and in the library the lily theme becomes formidable. This is certainly an extraordinary and memorable room—a complex cage of thin lines into which light filters from remote, steep windows across a gallery, while from the ceiling lily-stems stream down to hold the light-fittings. One has the odd feeling that if the whole room were turned upside-down, so that the light fittings grew upwards from the floor, it would be even more true to itself. Here we are in a private world—a world where, as in Beardsley's drawings, we tread with fascinated horror, unbounded admiration and a sense of being total and probably unwanted strangers.

After the School of Art it is Miss Cranston's tea-rooms which the student of Mackintosh must explore. Never, surely, in any world was such a crop of lily-forms. The balustrades, the mullions and muntins, the splats of the chairs, the light-fittings and wall-decorations, the very spoons and forks all grow in the same thin, ardent, "Christ-like" way. Who but King Cophetua's beggar-maid could serve tea in such a tea-shop; who but his thin courtiers (or, virginally camouflaged, some Beardsley courtesans) be served? It is phenomenal; it is exceedingly curious and rather beautiful; but as with some of the more wayward exploits of the Rococo, one's feeling is that having been done once it must on no account ever be done again. The impress of universality is not there.

Mr. Howarth has done a great service to architecture and art-history in writing a book about Mackintosh while many who knew and

* *Charles Rennie Mackintosh and the Modern Movement*. By THOMAS HOWARTH. *Routledge*. 63s.

worked with him are still alive; and he has spared no pains to seek them all out and extract the most trifling recollections; and nearly everything is illustrated. The figures of the master himself and his like-minded wife, Margaret Macdonald, do not—could not, perhaps—obtrude. They seem to have been a gentle couple, living, as one would imagine, in all-white rooms with chairs whose seats were strangely near the floor and whose backs aspired perpetually to the ceiling. What did they think about and talk about as they moved in their special world, as they handled the lily-stem fire-irons and poked the little coal fire, framed in its tiny barred rectangle? Lilies? Surely not all the time. The cause of art, Secessionism, Vienna? St. Francis of Assisi? Or just Glasgow? One would like to know.

JOHN SUMMERSON

THE LITERARY SWAN

Have others noticed the effect, or am I the only one,
On our poets, ancient and modern, of the sight of a swan?
It is almost impossible to pick up a tome
Of the work of one of our major poets without finding a pome
About a swan; whilst the young moderns, who write those slender volumes of verse
About despair in grim cities, still centres, joyless copulation and so forth, in a style habitually astringent and terse,
Are even worse.
There is something about a swan which, if it does not bring out the poet in every man,
At least loosens the buttons of every poet in a way that nothing else can.
At sight of a swan all the long-haired lads and short-haired lasses
Reach for pen and paper and sit on their tidy asses
To write lyrics so different from their usual constipated style and theme
That they sometimes go to the other extreme.
Thus we get innumerable pomes about white swans, black swans, living swans, dead swans,
Still swans, moving swans, starving swans, fed swans.
And if you and I, who probably regard the swan as a photogenic but unremarkable bird,
Shouldn't find it strange that it is so often the subject of emotional ditties on the Third
Programme and in the loftier weeklies, perhaps we ought to remember that the swan has always been a literary fowl,
Much more so, for instance, than the raven and the owl,
Which rarely appear in print in modern times,
And never got any higher, anyway, than Gothic novels and nursery rhymes.
But the swan, to the fevered and nimble
Mind of a poet has always been essentially a profound symbol
Of something or other, while its neck, arched in the shape of a query,
Inevitably reminds the wretched serious writer of his weary
And endless search after ultimate truth, a theme he can never shirk,
And which turns every country walk, because of swans, into a job of work.
Then again, all poets from time to time feel that they need a
Subject free of the restraints of society, so they naturally write about Leda
And the swan, and find the perfect escape
From convention in a wallow of classical rape,
Though it is true that most people still prefer to read the modern and unmythological accounts of such capers
In the Sunday papers.
Nor will it have escaped the notice of anyone who is *à la recherche de la raison d'être*
Du cygne littéraire, or even of any intelligent *homme de lettres*,
That a very considerable swan once went to roost,
Heavily disguised as a sensitive hero, in the pages and pages of Proust.
But the main reason for the popularity of the swan with the ungregarious herd
Of poets is probably that it is such a dignified and delicate bird
(Except on land, but even then some poets' metres reproduce with devotion
Their subject's ungainly, clumsy, waddling, flat-footed motion).
You never hear a swan make the walls of solemnity crack
With a quack,
Or see it rooting about arse-end up in primeval muck
Like a duck.
Which is really why I should like our poets to cease making such a fuss
Of the swan, and write about something else for a change, the puffin, for instance, or the flat-billed duckypuss.

CYRIL HUGHES

THE HAUNTED MAN

The Second Ghost Book. Edited by CYNTHIA ASQUITH. *Barrie.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Ghostly Tales to be Told. Edited by BASIL DAVENPORT. *Faber.* 15*s.*

Mystery: An Anthology of the Mysterious in Fact and Fiction. *Hutton Press.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

It is some time since the Prince of Darkness ceased to be a gentleman. Ghosts also (being made in the image of man) reflect the changing times: can it be that which accounts for their literary decline? For though Miss Bowen asserts that "they do well in flats, and are villa-dwellers," such ghosts can be of no greater stature, interest or character than their living hosts. Vulgarised or suburbanised, their one quality of awe must dwindle. Still, no less than in former times, we make the ghosts we meet; the human mind continues to haunt its own experiences. The weakest stories, therefore, are those in which the haunting is imposed upon a stranger; the best, like the classic *Monkey's Paw*, in which the man creates his own. Indeed, for both are concerned with people, the good ghost story is also the good *short* story, the one being only a specialised form of the other, with a violent moral implication and a particular using of the element of time. Its lessons are well defined. *Do not forget. Evil is stronger than life. Your sin will find you out. Let well* (that is *ill*) *alone. Do not tamper. Do not pry.* They might, with their air of warning invitation, be the mottoes on some sinister childish sampler. Even the plots have a formal pattern; retribution, the pursuit, the experience re-enacted—these are its chief variations. Contemporary life should have some way of meeting them.

The Second Ghost Book throws most light—if that is the image—on the present condition of the literary English ghost, for its twenty stories are nearly all new, and the roll of their authors' names is impressive. Yet only two or three have specifically "modern" elements (a bombing raid, an American crime writer, a post-war politician), and these hardly disguise the familiar plots below. In short, tradition holds. Outside Miss Bowen in her serious introduction, Mr. Stonier is alone among the contributors in facing the predicament of the modern ghost, restricted by imaginative habit to the experiences of its former life. "The ghost, unhappy wretch, lives on his immediate creative energy. . . . And in the end, all that he can produce is the street he has known for years, the face he has sickened of." Horror is not a constant motif. Several of the best stories have a sad charm (Mr. L. A. G. Strong's, Mr. de la Mare's, Miss Pigland's, Lady Cynthia Asquith's) or an ironic humour (Miss Bowen's, Mr. Pritchett's). But I do not know whether we should call it the energy of conviction or a matter of luck in writing that brings three tales finally to the surface; Lord Dunsany's *Autumn Cricket*, about an old groundsman watching phantom matches—one of the few that suggest that pleasure as well as evil may be a recurring experience; L. P. Hartley's *W. S.*, a pursuit story about a writer and a villain of his own creation; and above all Rose Macaulay's *Whitewash*, in which the spirit of Tiberius directs a man-eating shark in a cave. "Evil does exist," a character remarks, "and monsters have always been monsters. Nero, Tiberius, the Borgias, Richard III, John, our contemporary tyrants. . . . I believe in them all."

The sixteen stories in *Ghostly Tales to be Told* are chosen, as the title may imply, with a jocose relentlessness: the teller's hearer is not meant to grieve or to marvel but to have his seated heart knock at his ribs against the use of nature. Except in *The Yellow Wall Paper*, a study in progressive insanity, and *The Refugee*, a Saki-like werewolf story with a clever twist, the shocks are on traditional lines; most of the tales, in fact, are well known. (One is *The Monkey's Paw.*) Tweedy Philistines pit their reason against a haunted house, and lose. Over the forest the Wendigo's victim cries, in Algernon Blackwood's excellent and dreadful story: "Oh, this height and fiery speed! Oh, my burning feet of fire!" while a "desolate and terrible odour" fills the air. There is a vintage M. R. James (*Count Magnus*) with a rich antiquarian setting and the awful message that evil is not to be held by the tomb. *The White Powder*, Arthur Machen's Jekyll and Hyde story of sin and its judgment, gains at the start from its dignified manner ("I shall have it analysed," declares the doctor; "I have a friend who has devoted the whole of his life to chemistry as a science"); but it is hard to reach the relishing horror of the conclusion without recalling Miss Bowen's observation in the previous volume: "Fear has its own asthetic . . . also its own propriety."

If an anthology is justified, as I sometimes think, by a single good item, then *Mystery* bravely passes the test, for it contains one really outstanding story (*Behind the Stumps*), four that are more than ordinarily good (*Noel*, *The Roman Wood*, *Harry*, and *The Scarlet Belt*), as well as a group of essays on such matters as the sense of direction in birds (Peter Scott), Telepathy (Kenneth Walker), Screaming Skulls (Christina Hole) and the Invisible Worm, by Geoffrey Grigson. The pictures, which are frequent and by several hands, reflect the various manners of the writing. *Behind the Stumps*, by a writer, Russell Kirk, whose name I do not know, is not only a brilliant essay in the macabre, but a brilliant short story. It concerns a census-taker, a man of neurotic preciseness, sent down to deal with a peculiarly intractable district of primitive rural America. "There would have been something noble in Cribben's pertinacity had he loved precision for the sake of truth. But he regarded truth alone as an attribute for precision". One group alone still resists; and the friendly post-master advises him to go no further.

> "There are people that don't fit in anywhere, Mr. Cribben. . . . Everybody's getting pretty much alike—nearly everybody—in this age, and the ones that don't fit in are scarcer; but they're still around. Some are queer, very queer. We can't just count them like so many three-cent stamps. . . . But let them alone . . . they don't matter, if you don't stir them up. Some things have to be left alone."

But Cribben, seeing what a beautiful thing they have made of the derelict stump-country on which they have laid out their farm, determines to find "what power had driven these dull and sodden men to such feats of agricultural pride." He makes the discovery. For all its journalistic presentation, this volume is the most rewarding of the three; though even here we do not find the real themes of the contemporary macabre—the Lidices, Belsens and Harwells, whose power of breeding haunted men, and ghosts, no one can question.

NAOMI LEWIS

BACK TO THE HOUPPELANDE

Handbook of English Mediaeval Costume. By C. WILLETT AND PHILLIS CUNNINGTON. *Faber.* 30*s.*

Dress in Mediaeval France. By JOAN EVANS. *Oxford.* 35*s.*

Clothes. By JAMES LAVER. *Burke.* 21*s.*

Our own clothes, and those of our more immediate ancestors, have in the last few years received a great deal of scholarly attention. They have advanced from being a necessity, a pleasure, or a folly into a serious subject of study, with collectors, curators, psychologists, professors and students crowding busily into a field which had long lain fallow and despised. Manchester has already its own magnificent museum of costume, founded on the Cunnington collection; another, to house the immense collection of Mrs. Langley Moore, is struggling into being, though slowly and with difficulty, in London. It is becoming immoral, or at least uneconomic, to cut up or use for charades the velvet and silk relics that are still to be found in the trunks of a good many attics. The dressing-up box can no longer claim them. They can either confer prestige on their donor by going to a museum, or find their price in the sale-room, like any other curiosity.

The study of costume, based on the examination of existing specimens, has already produced a formidable literature, and the experts have now reached that point in their researches where they must either stop, or push boldly back into those periods from which no specimens survive. Dr. Joan Evans, and Dr. C. Willett Cunnington with his wife Dr. Phillis Cunnington, have taken this dangerous plunge at the same time, Dr. Evans surveying the field in medieval France, Dr. Cunnington in England. They have had no actual dresses to handle and examine, none of those treasure-troves of ball gowns and wedding dresses and shoes and parasols and hats which so enliven and enchant the days of the costume collector. Their work has been in the library, among illuminated manuscripts and books of hours, among the brasses of medieval tombs and up and down the façades of Gothic cathedrals. By endless observation and comparison, by minute attention to dates, they have been able to trace the slow progress of fashion and even to pin down the dress-making details of those centuries which, so far as their actual clothing is concerned, have passed utterly out of reach.

Dr. Cunnington is first and foremost a costume man, not, like Dr. Evans, a medievalist, and his approach to the subject is very different from hers. It has been his aim to provide the student with a simple, accurate and clearly illustrated handbook, in which any period from the ninth to the end of the fifteenth century can be found on its appropriate page, and the clothes of the men and women of the time, both rich and poor, identified and described. The clarity of the text is matched by the simplicity of the illustrations, which have been extracted, so to speak, from their proper surroundings, and reproduced as line drawings unhampered by irrelevant detail.

The standard of living in medieval England, even as late as the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, was lower than that of France, and dress was proportionately less extravagant. The silks of Italy, the brocades of the east, were harder to come by, and the climate laid heavy stress on skins and wool. Still, it is hard to resist the impression that even in England the Middle Ages displayed a genius for dressing with comfort and beauty which we have sadly lost. What dignity, what security, what warmth! One's mouth positively waters over descriptions of the *houppelande*, that long, full-skirted, belted and often furlined outer garment which was almost universally worn by both sexes (not, of course, the lower orders) from the middle of the fourteenth century. The nearest modern equivalent to the *houppelande* is perhaps the house-coat, which is often warm and padded and made of rich materials. Those who have tasted its comforts on cold nights will know the luxury that both sexes once enjoyed, despite the searching climate.

Another point of costume in which the Middle Ages seem vastly superior to our own is in the matter of women's head-dress. Nearly all women look the better for some form of indoor head-covering, whether it is a veil, a wimple, a circlet, or simply a few lappets of lace. Never, until our own time, have they had to depend exclusively on that troublesome and disappointing phenomenon, the hair. The Middle Ages carried the formal treatment of the head to the point of ignoring or concealing the hair altogether, or treating it as part of a strict and highly stylised design. It may not have been the most hygienic of arrangements, but the advantage was that even the plainest woman had some sort of intelligible pattern imposed on the chaos of her features, which is, as Dr. Cunnington has repeatedly demonstrated, one of the most important functions of clothes with regard to that far from invariably pleasing foundation, the human body.

Dr. Evans's aim has not been to produce a handy textbook of medieval costume, but to present the variations of French dress as one of the flowerings of art in the Middle Ages. For this purpose she has naturally concentrated on the courts and the rich merchant class, and presents her findings with a wealth of reference and luxuriance of illustration that make the book a joy to read and handle. It is not light reading; no concessions are made to the current popular interest in the subject; you cannot turn up a particular year and discover in a moment what was being worn. The theme unfolds rather as a continuous story, with many points of strangeness and beauty on the way. The richness of the rich dressing is beyond belief, in this period when there was no very great divergence between the clothing of men and women, and rank, wealth and power were expressed with unstinted splendour in the dress. It was worth while to be a duke in those days: one could wear a hat of peacock's feather ornamented with gold butterflies, and the splendid sight would be met with nothing but respect. And woe betide the presumptuous courtier who dared to copy it; mass production would have seemed as impious as treason. Nobody must look handsomer than the duke; a conviction which must have decided Philippe le Hardi, in 1461, to order all his nobles to wear their heads close-shaved, since he himself had had to be shaved for a fever.

It is oddly surprising to discover, among much fascinating information, that ready-made clothing (though only for the peasant class) was on sale in French drapers' shops as early as the fourteenth century, and that night-gowns came in, for the gentry, about 1450, though the lower classes long continued to sleep bare. One had somehow imagined that the invention of night-clothes was of later date.

In his book on clothes in the *Pleasures of Life* series, Mr. James Laver has aimed frankly at that popular interest in the subject which Dr. Evans has ignored. These handsomely produced books, indeed, are not intended to be serious; they are the modern equivalent of the album for the drawing-room table. It is pleasant to turn over the pages and read a few satirical eighteenth-century verses against fashion, a paragraph on the language of the fan, or a few facts about Mrs. Bloomer; and this is the kind of elegant trifle that, in the manner of a gentleman sitting beside one and gallantly turning the gilded pages, Mr Laver provides.

MARGARET LANE

SARA MENKES

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SHIVA ! SHIVA !

Vedanta for Modern Man. Edited by CHRISTOPHER ISHERWOOD. *Allen & Unwin.* 25*s.*

Another anthology of contributions to the Californian Vedantists' Parish Magazine. Eagerly we fellow-travellers to eternity run our unenlightened eyes down the contents list, looking for a likely short cut. (A hopelessly incorrect attitude of course; we shall never get out of the wood this way.) Isherwood on the Religious Novel; Huxley on Time; Memories of one nice gentle Swami by another nice gentle Swami; Gerald Heard on "God Is Shy"—and after those Flying Saucer articles in the *Sunday Express* one is hardly surprised. . . .

What's this? Dr. Hubert Benoit, a French psychiatrist, has made a special study of Zen Buddhism: his "Notes In Regard To A Technique Of Timeless Realisation" might be just the ticket. The obstacle, it seems, is the imagination. It is a "screen that separates the subject from objective reality and prevents him from realising the absolute identity of the I and the not-I." Exercises are suggested, very sketchily, a combination of free association and an attitude of "active neutrality" which is supposed to act as a curb, though at the risk of increasing distress. And in between exercises a "thorough course of uprooting by patient intellectual work of all erroneous ideas, ideas of affective morality, of a God and a devil whom one loves or fears as persons, of spiritual ambition, of a belief in the usefulness of direct struggle against one's instincts, and so on." It sounds promising. Mysticism minus mumbo-jumbo has special attractions for anyone who preserves a few shreds of rationalism. But the notes are so brief, the directions so vague. This path, to use a chaplain's metaphor, is for spiritual commandos only; we should probably get stuck in the Void and have to be ignominiously rescued by shock treatment.

Balked, as usual, of a short cut, we turn—nasty now—to see how far Messrs. Huxley and Isherwood are letting their hair shirts down this time. Mr. Huxley has been cottoning on to Zen Buddhism, for which one foresees an increasing vogue, particularly its notion, as expounded by Professor Suzuki, of living in a continuum, which appeals to Huxley's scientific side. (He had some more useful support recently from Professor Schrodinger who, in the last chapter of *What Is*

Life?, his essay on the Gene, went the whole hog: *Deus factus sum*; Thou Art That; Atman and Brahman are One.) Traces of his old guilt-ridden misanthropy and *schadenfreude* persist. Apropos the Atom bomb: "It would be a very suitable punishment for man's overweening hubris if the final results of his efforts to dominate nature were the production of a race of hare-lipped, six-fingered imbeciles." There seems to be an element of wishful thinking here; if so one can only hope the Swami will impose a suitable penance, a night at the feelies or a day in the labour ward. But on the whole we must give him a quite favourable report. There are still no signs of galloping brain rot, and he makes less use than before of irritating theological jargon, words like Godhead and Ground.

Mr. Isherwood, despite anything you may have heard to the contrary, seems to be plugging away quite steadily, and, of course, with total sincerity. He is the least intellectually concerned of the English converts. There is something about him that reminds you of one of those traditional Russian village characters, half saint, half simpleton, the Fool of Christ. He is never afraid of seeming naive: "If the runaway monk [in Robert Hichens's *Garden of Allah*] did not genuinely want to return to the monastery and was only bowing to public opinion then it was very weak and silly of him to do so." But he has not lost all sense of the ridiculous: "The public has its preconceived notion of a saint—a figure with a lean face and an air of weary patient who alternates between moods of forbidding austerity and heart-broken sweetness . . . in other words the dreariest of bores."

Mr. Heard has also been having a further nibble at Zen. One wonders whether, with his frenetic enthusiasm, he will start wielding the bamboo as they do to this day in Japanese Zen monasteries. "Concentration a little faulty this morning, Aldous!" "Ouch! Steady Gerald, surely that was a more than oriental touch-up." He remains the most fervent and eclectic of them all, utterly convinced that he has found a religion that expresses "the transcendent-immanent eternal life that physics has now deduced to be the nature of the universe." How one hopes he is right.

Another Western literary contributor is Mr. John van Druten, who communicates a moment of mystical revelation at a Beverley Hills lunch counter. The Swamis seem to be proliferating; at any rate there are several new names ending in -ananda as compared with the last anthology published in 1948. Though inclined to become airborne at any moment, they all express the most unexceptionably correct and practical sentiments about everyday life, such as you would find in a non-bogus psychological pep talk. As usual, the late Swami Vivekananda, the St. Paul of the Ramakrishna movement, steals the picture. Sister Christine, one of his American disciples, contributes a long interesting memoir of him in Chicago and New York in the Nineties. He was capable at times of positively Beachcomberish feats of humour: "Someone asked him what he meant when he said 'Shiva! Shiva!' and he answered with a mischievous twinkle in his eyes, 'Shiver my timbers. Ho, ho, ho, and a bottle of rum.'"

MAURICE RICHARDSON

IMPERIAL TUTOR

Windows for the Crown Prince. By ELIZABETH GRAY VINING. *Michael Joseph.* 15*s.*

The publishers' blurb on this book says: "A Quaker . . . Mrs. Vining in 1946 received, much to her astonishment, an invitation from His Imperial Highness [*sic*] the Emperor of Japan to tutor the young Crown Prince Akihito in English"; and soon after she took up her post she was further requested "to open windows into a wider world" for him. The astonishment, if nothing else, she will probably communicate to her readers. It must have been one of the strangest appointments in Japanese history: although we gather from Mrs. Vining, whose modesty is of the kind which thrusts itself, rather than retires, into the background, that it was one of the more successful.

We will take her word for it that the windows were opened and a fresh breeze of American middle-class piety wafted in. The sad thing is that so rich an experience should have produced so dull a book. For this, naturally, Mrs. Vining's position was responsible in some degree. She could not be expected to write of the Imperial Family, so kind, so immaculate, so punctilious and yet so "democratic," with the frank lively touch that would have revealed them as human beings. Yet had she brought herself to be rather less careful, she might have achieved something of greater value. The Japanese are fortunate in their Ruling House: there is nothing there to be hidden or whitewashed; and a rare opportunity of showing its members as people, and not merely as admirable figureheads, has gone by.

The wish to be kind and good and correct and "responsible" leads often to mischief. While we allow for the restricting effect of Mrs. Vining's status within the Household, it is hard not to feel impatient when she writes of the occupation. Freely and fearlessly, as befits a Quaker and a graduate of Bryn Mawr, she concedes that it left something to be desired; but she does so only in the vaguest, most general way. In instances, affairs, events, she follows the line so faithfully that at times we seem to be reading a hand-out from G.H.Q. Everyone is given a pat on the back till we rub our eyes and wonder if we can be thinking of the same person.

General Eichelberger, to take an example, lives in my memory for his behaviour in Osaka immediately before May Day 1948. There had been Korean riots in the city and the gallant General wanted no trouble. He made fantastic security arrangements, such as were only equalled in Seoul when General MacArthur proclaimed the new "democratic" republic to the happy Koreans: issued a "shoot to kill" order in case of disturbance, and remarked genially that any Japanese attacking an American would be lucky to reach the court-room alive. It is startling, therefore, to read that the General's "approachability," among other qualities, "had endeared him to people of all kinds and nationalities, down to the humblest of Japanese ricksha men."

In between the propaganda and the self-satisfaction and the butterings-up, nevertheless, there are nice descriptions of Japanese customs and scenery and entertainment; and the account of Prince Akihito's visit to General MacArthur is warmly recommended for its delightful, if wholly unconscious, humour.

HONOR TRACY

MONUMENT OF CRITICISM

Classic Art. By HEINRICH WÖLFFLIN. Translated by PETER and LINDA MURRAY. *Phaidon Press.* 30*s.*

A good English edition of any book by Heinrich Wolfflin is to be welcomed. He has not been badly served, by comparison with the absolute neglect of the other modern European masters of art criticism, but past versions have revealed nothing so clearly as the inordinate difficulty of translating him well. The first English edition of *Classic Art* appeared forty-nine years ago. Much has been learned from it—so much, that the significance of the book is now rather different. The interest which it holds at the present time has as much to do with the history of criticism as with the Italian Renaissance.

The discovery for which Wolfflin is celebrated, the discovery that visual art can fruitfully be discussed in strictly visual terms, has provided the chief excitements of twentieth-century art criticism. But those who come to *Classic Art* with this in mind may read a great part of it almost with disappointment. The book represents an early stage in the development of Wolfflin's ideas: his standpoint is already clear but the view is still coloured by the nineteenth century. Often the first words in praise of a picture, and the last as well, are concerned with its narrative content. This is reasonable enough, but here one is reminded forcibly of how far understanding of pictorial content had narrowed since the sixteenth century. The symbolic richness of illustration and the philosophic and poetic overtones which accompany it are almost entirely excluded from his view: essentially, he conceives the content of Renaissance art as similar in kind to that of the academic history painting of the nineteenth century. Its form is more fully expounded; in this respect his responsiveness has never been bettered. But in the total view of artistic character that emerges there may be detected a limitation which amounts almost to shallowness: there is sometimes a suggestion that the virtue of a painter consists simply of a combination of structural deftness with the kind of tact required of a stage-manager.

When the High Renaissance is under examination the idea of artistic progress is hard to resist. Wolfflin delighted in demonstrating the beauties of Renaissance art to students, and often his comparisons with the quattrocento frame themselves, involuntarily as one feels, in terms of praise and censure. Even when the judgments of value are not, to our taste, unlucky (as they are in a comparison of St. Jeromes by Titian and Basaiti), the character of a picture often seems not to be felt, so much as inferred from a general intellectual view. It may be possible to discover a "lucidity of geometry" in the foreground of Raphael's Transfiguration, but it is not a discovery that illuminates the convulsive power of the picture. When Wolfflin traces an impersonal perfection in the painting of Fra Bartolommeo we are in another age: for us it is the sense of personal uneasiness, the self-betrayal, in fact the imperfections, which give meaning to the painter's works.

Wolfflin's criticism has been, and remains, full of significance, and it would be ungrateful to fuss about details. In *Classic Art*, and, in particular, in its final section, we watch the unfolding of his majestic power of comprehending the formal character of a whole period in a single, coherent

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conception. It is an imaginative effort which remains without parallel in criticism: as an example of critical discipline the book has a lasting importance. If Wölfflin's great generalisation no longer commands unquestioning agreement, it is because he has himself given us the equipment with which to disagree. Before him it was hardly possible to discuss style in objective terms, but now this very achievement is seen to carry its own danger and difficulty. We can hardly believe in any analysis which does not understand style as a function of the mental life of an individual. Wölfflin was debarred from this, which the train of his thought, time and again, demanded, by the lack in his time of a conception of mental life to correspond with the profound coherence, and the intensity of personal purpose, which is felt in a work of art.

Mr. and Mrs. Murray's admirable translation is the only English version of Wölfflin that renders in any way his mastery of words. It is a brilliantly lucid achievement. Occasionally, however, the pedestrian, old version seems to have the advantage: the point of vision in the Madonna del Sacco is not "low in the picture" but far below it, and a popular edition of this kind surely requires that the quotations from Sannazaro and Politian should be translated.

LAWRENCE GOWING

TWO DIPLOMATS

The Ruling Few. By SIR DAVID KELLY. *Hollis & Carter.* 25*s.*

My Europe. By SIR ROBERT BRUCE LOCKHART. *Putnam.* 16*s.*

Retired diplomatists of high rank are in the habit of recalling their active service in all its splendour by publishing their memoirs: but these seldom capture the serious reader's attention. The promised peep behind the international scenes turns out so often to be a mere catalogue of bygone social trivialities, as uninformative as an old dance programme, and just about as uninteresting to any one bar the owner. Yet the authors must have had important inside information to impart; and their failure to do so can only be ascribed to the exigencies of their profession. They have not been career diplomatists for nothing. In the earlier stages of their foreign service, when they held subordinate positions, they knew little and can accordingly talk freely. But by the time they reach the top flight they become tongue-tied, not so much by the Official Secrets Act as by the ingrained habit of reticence. Consequently, in their last diplomatic mission, when they wish to convey their life's work to the minds of their fellow citizens, in the form of a book, they fail to do themselves justice.

Sir David Kelly's memoirs conform to this discreet pattern. Of his junior years in the Argentine, Portugal, Mexico, Belgium and Sweden he has plenty of amusing anecdotes to tell that will give no offence whatever to any of "The Ruling Few"—as the author designates the leading political figures in each country. Such criticism as he voices is reserved for the already powerless, the dead and the disgraced. By contrast, his comments on living grandees are almost too deferential. Thus a Belgian Princess is described as "endowed with exceptional physical vitality. She thought nothing of walking for two hours, swimming, playing the piano and then sitting up and talking until the small hours of the morning." This is small talk, indeed. But where is the big talk? As Sir David rises to higher spheres, as Ambassador from Buenos Aires to Ankara, and on to Moscow, the flow of sprightly anecdote dries up and is replaced by sight-seeing tours and general impressions: his first-hand account of Russia today, for instance, is as arid as the Soviet publications from which most of it is taken. The more important his position, apparently, the less he has to say about it.

The Ruling Few opens with a prologue, in which Sir David presents some of the conclusions he has reached after 32 years in diplomacy. He has found that the chief qualifications required for success in the service are common sense, a knowledge of history and an adaptable character. His views on the duties of a diplomat abroad are equally orthodox: to state his Government's case, like a barrister with a brief, regardless of his own convictions; to gain personal influence with all important political figures in the country to which he is accredited; and to report home on what course events there are likely to take. Only in face of the present world predicament does he strike a mildly personal note. "Man," he affirms, "is a religious creature": and Western man now sorely needs the prop of a religion to stand up against the Communist creed. The particular religion which Sir David favours for this purpose is not hard to seek.

Diplomatic style by instinct clings to *clichés*; yet the adjective "unforgettable" is one that all diplomats would be well advised to forget. The horrid word tends to appear on page after page like a recurring decimal, losing all significance in the process. Sir David has been particularly unlucky with it, as he paints an "unforgettable" sunset lighting up the ruins of Timgad in the Sahara desert, whereas that old Roman city is actually situated on a high plateau in the Atlas mountains.

Sir Robert, too, is plagued with unforgettable moments, but long acquaintance with journalism has taught him to handle them with moderation. *My Europe* sounds very possessive. (Perhaps continual broadcasting to occupied countries is bound to develop a proprietary sensation.) The book, however, is not, as one might expect, the record of Sir Robert Bruce Lockhart's work at the head of our Political Warfare during the last war. Instead we are given a somewhat rambling report on a series of recent visits to France, Germany, Belgium, Holland, Scandinavia and Czechoslovakia, together with a post-mortem on the author's earlier and more exciting experiences in Soviet Russia. Post-mortem is the appropriate word for this additional chapter to *Memoirs of a British Agent*; the high mortality rate among the old Bolsheviks since that book was written has relieved the author of any need for further discretion on their account.

Sir Robert gives a pitiful account of his last meetings with his old friends, Benes and Jan Masaryk, nine months before the Communist *coup d'état*. Both were utterly exhausted, but refused to accept their destiny: "Czech Communists are not like other Communists." Later, on the very day that Masaryk fell to his death in Prague, a secret message from him reached Sir Bruce in London, to say that he was intending to make his escape as soon as he had an opportunity. Two of the main instruments encompassing Masaryk's destruction were Clementis and Slansky. Yet sudden death strikes so often behind the Curtain that it is hard to keep up with the post-mortems. When *My Europe* went to press Sir Robert had to speak of these two unfortunates as still alive.

RALPH PARTRIDGE

THE UNHOLY TRADE

The Shocking History of Advertising! By E. S. TURNER. *Michael Joseph.* 15*s.*

Advertising has grown up; for the moment, it has a self-imposed code setting a standard higher than the law requires, and often keeps to it. But now that Mr. Turner has made me drop everything to listen to its shocking history, I contemplate wanly the prospect of revived newspaper competition, dancing cartons on the television screen, and the belated "Buy British" campaign for which our manufacturers are even now clearing their throats.

He could have made this book a vast encyclopaedia, a hundred books; his researches must have been prodigious. He deals with everyone in advertising, from Andrew Cooke of Holborn Hill, "the oldest bug-destroyer in England" (what would he be called today?), who in 1775 announced that he had "cured 16,000 beds with great applause," to the vendors of the Tarzan chest-wigs that make American swimming-pools socially possible for sensitively hairless he-men.

Most of the best advertising stories come from America, where they have been collected by Americans. Consider Phineas T. Barnum, who engaged a tramp at a dollar a day to deposit five bricks on the pavement at busy points near Barnum's museum. His duty was to walk briskly from one brick to another all day, changing their positions with fatuous zeal, and periodically hurrying into the Museum—to be followed each time by a fresh assortment of about 500 fascinated people. These, having then paid their money and seen a few exhibits, came to a notice that said, "This Way to the Egress," hurried excitedly along a corridor, and were turned out into the street. It was in Atlantic City in 1923 that a great gathering of advertisers decided: "Appeal to reason in your advertising, and you appeal to about four per cent. of the human race."

You would have expected that some of the quasi-criminal false pretences described by Mr. Turner would hardly have deceived the four per cent., if it were not that Bruce Barton's *The Man Nobody Knows* was an American best-seller in 1925. This is the book that integrated the Holy Trinity with the advertising business, and commended the "crisp, graphic language" of the parables ("always a picture in the first sentence"). The founder of Christianity, it said, "would be a national advertiser today . . . as he was the greatest advertiser of his own day." He was "the most popular dinner guest in Jerusalem." He "picked up twelve men from the bottom ranks of business and forged them into an organisation that conquered the world." Reminding us of these revelations, without comment, Mr. Turner no doubt justly considers that the rest of his context should be easy going for us.

He reports all such lunacies with grim self-control: his asides are as rare as they are sardonic. Holloway's Pills and Ointment spoiled much of the countryside for Mr. Holloway, who retired at last to a spot where his name had not reached. "The merchant princes of the twentieth century" (says Mr. Turner) lived in districts which jealously defended their amenities: only advertising could bring worldly

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success, and only worldly success could bring relief from advertising.

Perhaps because his quizzical detachment from all that he reports lends weight to his few words of commendation, he seems to me unduly gentle with some modern advertisers of purges and ointments when he compares them with the rather more homicidal quacks of eighteenth-century empirical medicine. He thinks the modern medicine vendor is entitled to claim that even if his specifics do no good they do no harm. But not even the agreed 1950 British Code of Standards has eliminated the fell possibilities to which Lord Horder referred in his famous attack in the Lords in 1938. One achievement of the proprietary medicine trade, said Lord Horder, which bled the country of £25,000,000 a year (he called it "a huge form of blackmail"), was that "ultimately the undertaker benefited sooner and oftener than he might." It is still true.

Whatever pains may have gone into the preparation of this unique and scarifying compilation, Mr. Turner must surely have enjoyed himself writing it. I myself read it with a petrified absorption I hadn't known since the desperate Sunday afternoons with *Foxe's Book of Martyrs*.

C. H. ROLPH

SHORTER REVIEWS

The God of the Witches. By MARGARET MURRAY. *Faber.* 21*s.*

The theory that most so-called "witchcraft" is in fact a debased survival of the pre-Christian fertility-cults was first propounded by Dr. Murray in an earlier work, *The Witch Cult in Western Europe* (1921); *The God of the Witches* followed a decade later, and, while covering some of the same ground, adduced much fresh evidence in support of the original hypothesis, besides adumbrating the remarkable theory (since elaborated by Mr. Hugh Ross Williamson) that the deaths of William Rufus and Thomas à Becket were in fact ritual killings in which the incarnate god was willingly sacrificed.

This important and most fascinating book is now republished in a revised edition, beautifully illustrated, and with much new material, including a whole additional chapter on the position of the witch in the social structure. One may or may not agree with Dr. Murray's conclusions—many of these must, one supposes, remain finally unproven for lack of evidence—yet her arguments seem, for the most part, exceedingly plausible, and her main hypothesis, considered in the light of recent findings in anthropology and depth-psychology, seems a good deal less revolutionary than it did thirty years ago. In this book, even more than its predecessor, one cannot but infer that Dr. Murray's own sympathies lie largely with the "witches," who—as she points out more than once—suffered martyrdom for the *vecchia religione* with a heroism not surpassed by the Christians who, Protestant and Catholic alike, so ruthlessly persecuted them.

The British Circus. By RUTH MANNING-SAUNDERS *Werner Laurie.* 21*s.*

The appeal of a circus could depend on a number of things—on the fact that it is one of the very few surviving forms of nomadic life, on its presentation of rare and magnificent beasts, or on the way in which its tumblers and clowns recall, however indirectly, the courts and mansions of history. But any or all of these things imply romance, and romance requires the swift yet delicate methods of impressionism. Such methods are beyond the scope of Mrs. Manning-Saunders. She is vigorous, facetious, erudite, and fatuous in turn: but, above all, she is relentlessly explanatory, expelling romance from the Big Top by the sheer pressure of hot air.

To say this, however, is perhaps to misjudge the nature of this book. It attempts ("comprehensively") "to trace the history and development of the circus in England"; and the historical chapters are certainly highly diverting. There is some tiresome moralising about Roman goings on, but also a rollicking account of Astley's and a sympathetic portrait of "Lord" George Sanger. It is the writer's pen-pictures of the current ways of circus life that really get one down. She prefers herself as a kind of literary Dame Laura Knight; but the accumulation of detail is no substitute for imagination.

ANSWERS TO CHRISTMAS DIVERSIONS

Presents

1. Violet's wedding present to her husband Henry in Arnold Bennett's *Riceyman Steps*. 2. Milady to D'Artagnan in Dumas's *The Three Musketeers*. 3. Several times in the Sherlock Holmes short story of that title. 4. Uncle Pentstemon's wedding present to Miriam in H. G. Wells's *The History of Mr. Polly*. 5. The minister and his wife to David Balfour in Stevenson's *Kidnapped*: a shilling, a recipe, and a pocket Bible. 6. The Earl of Clinchant's wedding present to Bernard and Ethel in Daisy Ashford's *The Young Visiters*. 7. The Duchess to Alice in *Alice in Wonderland*.

Ghosts

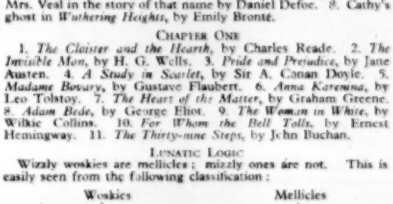
1. The Canterville Ghost in the story of that name, by Oscar Wilde. 2. The monkey in *Green Tea*, by J. Sheridan Le Fanu. 3. The ghost of the Rev. Dr. John Rant in *The Tractate Middoth*, by M. R. James. 4. Marley's ghost in *A Christmas Carol*, by Charles Dickens. 5. The "inexperienced ghost," in the story of that name by H. G. Wells. 6. The apparition of Joachim in *The Magic Mountain*, by Thomas Mann. 7. The apparition of Mrs. Veal in the story of that name by Daniel Defoe. 8. Cathy's ghost in *Wuthering Heights*, by Emily Brontë.

Chapter One

1. *The Cloister and the Hearth*, by Charles Reade. 2. *The Invisible Man*, by H. G. Wells. 3. *Pride and Prejudice*, by Jane Austen. 4. *A Study in Scarlet*, by Sir A. Conan Doyle. 5. *Madame Bovary*, by Gustave Flaubert. 6. *Anna Karenina*, by Leo Tolstoy. 7. *The Heart of the Matter*, by Graham Greene. 8. *Adam Bede*, by George Eliot. 9. *The Woman in White*, by Wilkie Collins. 10. *For Whom the Bell Tolls*, by Ernest Hemingway. 11. *The Thirty-nine Steps*, by John Buchan.

Lunatic Logic

Wizzly woskies are mellicles; mizzly ones are not. This is easily seen from the following classification:



Perplexing Picnic

There must be exactly 5 people: Mr. Brown, Mrs. Brown, Miss Brown, Mr. Jones, and Mrs. Jones. 1. The car is "Bumper's," and Mr. Brown is not the owner; also, "Bumper" is a man ("*his* handkerchief"); hence *Mr. Jones is "Bumper" and wears cream flannels*. 2. Miss Brown is not Emily ("more wasps"), and Mrs. Jones (who must be Widow Betsy) is not Emily (dress colour); hence *Mrs. Brown is Emily and wears grey dress*, etc. 3. *Miss Brown must therefore be Helen* (dress colour). 4. "Nubby" is either Miss Brown or Mrs. Brown. Suppose the latter. Then Mr. Brown is George and wears grey trousers. Now George and Arnold have different ages, hence Arnold is Mr. Jones. But Arnold and "Nubby" are twins, therefore Mr. Jones and Mrs. Brown are twins. But "Bumper's" mother is present, and she is not Mrs. Jones or Miss Brown (both too young), nor can she be his twin sister. Hence our supposition is false, and *Miss Brown is "Nubby."* 5. *Mr. Brown is thus Arnold, her twin brother*; and since George is not Arnold (ages), *Mr. Jones is George*. "*Nubby's*" *frock is therefore cream-coloured*. 6. Hence *the mother of George ("Bumper") Jones must be Mrs. Brown* (only other two women being too young); and so *the engaged couple can only be Mr. Jones and Miss Brown*. The twins (Mr. and Miss Brown) are therefore not closely related to Mrs. Brown; nor is Mr. Brown her present husband (too young). Hence neither Mrs. Brown nor Mrs. Jones (too young) can be Miss Brown's mother, so Miss Brown cannot be Maud. Nor can Mrs. Brown be Maud, since *she* must have changed her surname from Jones. Hence *Mrs. Jones (Widow Betsy) is Maud, and Mrs. Brown is her mother; Edward* (same surname as Maud's mother) *must therefore be Mr. Brown*.

1. Mr. and Mrs. Jones have the same mother, Mrs. Brown, and neither have changed their surname; they are thus brother and sister (unless Mrs. Brown has had *two* previous husbands both named Jones, which is extremely unlikely); Miss Jones must have married a Mr. Jones, perhaps a cousin, to become Mrs. Jones. 2. Edward and Helen are the twins, Mr. and Miss Brown. 3. "Nubby" and "Bumper" are respectively Miss Brown and Mr. Jones, the newly engaged couple. Helen's frock is cream-coloured. Mrs. Brown's husband ate none of the sardines: he was not at the picnic.

Some Numerical Puzzles

1 (a)

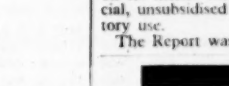
2	7	6
9	5	1
4	3	8

is the only arrangement, though there are eight different presentations of this.

(b) 361, 529, 784.
(c) 149, 263, 587, total 999.
(d) 1, 9, 25, 36, 784, total 855.

2. (a) $7921 = 89^2$;
(b) $2197 = 13^3$;
(c) $2179 = 1479 = 900 = 30^2$;
(d) $7129 = 1297 = 5832 = 18^3$.

3. Here are two solutions:



Villainy Afoot

The murder occurs outside "Butch Villa," which is the only house both 66 and 72 minutes away from anywhere else; and the victim must come from "Old Lagton" via "St. Crimes." Crimes is thus not the victim; and not the murderer (who would have heard the shot). The murderer either (a) lives at "Butch Villa" and goes to "Killersly" and back, or (b) lives at "Killersly" and goes to "Butch Villa" via "St. Crimes," afterwards returning home direct. Suppose (a) is true. Then Crimes must live at "Killersly," which leaves him nowhere to walk without either going to "St. Crimes" or meeting the murderer. Hence (a) is false, and (b) is true. Crimes therefore lives at "Butch Villa" and must go to "Old Lagton" and back if he is not to arrive home at the exact time of the murder and so hear the shot. Now the "St. Crimes" resident, if he is not to meet anyone, must go to "Butch Villa" and then home via "Killersly." Hence "Killer" lives at "St. Crimes" and is neither murderer nor victim. The latter must therefore be "Old Lag" (murderer) and "Butch" (victim); the scene of the crime is (outside) "Butch Villa"; and the body would be discovered by Crimes at 2 o'clock (when he returned home from "Old Lagton.").

Week-end Competitions

No. 1,192

Set by R. K. Buchanan

Competitors are invited to compose a poem on any seasonal theme in the triple-rhyming form of Thomas Hood's *Nocturnal Sketch*; which opens—

Even is come; and from the dark Park, hark,
The signal of the setting sun—one gun!

And six is sounding from the chime, prime time
To go and see the Drury-Lane Dane slain,—
Or hear Othello's jealous doubt spout out,—
Or Macbeth raving at that shade-made blade, . . .

Limit, 20 lines. Entries by Tuesday, January 6.

REPORT ON COMPETITION No. 1,189

Set by Guy Walsingham

The Pope has decreed greater simplicity in Cardinals' robes. The red or purple soutane shall no longer have a tail, the purple soutane, cloak and *mozzetta* is to be of wool instead of watered silk, the *cappa magna*, or voluminous mantle worn by Cardinals over their soutane, is to have its train cut to half its present length of seven yards. Competitors are invited to comment on this new austerity in the manner of R. H. Barham (*Jackdaw of Rheims*), Ronald Firbank, G. K. Chesterton, or a Protestant historian of the future (school of Coulton).

Report by Guy Walsingham

Austerity, straightforwardly damned by all the Barhamite Cardinals, was occasion for *chic* in the Firbank entries and—inevitably—paradox in the Chesterton. Father Brown explored one aspect (in Pauline Phillips's entry):

"There may be nothing more ostentatious than modesty, and pride and humility are twin brothers."

Company Meeting

HARRISONS & CROSFIELD, LIMITED.

Presiding at the 44th Annual Meeting of Harrisons & Crosfield, Limited, on December 16th, Sir Eric Miller reported total Group profits for the year to 30th June of £1,822,756, an increase of £118,638. The group net profit applicable to the Parent Company, including reserves and provisions brought back was £886,694. The Deferred Ordinary Dividend is maintained at 30%, and Dividend Equalisation Reserve receives £200,000, making that Reserve £250,000. Total Reserves now amount to £3,442,040.

Sir Eric said that the cessation of tea rationing brought no immediate increase in consumption, but owing to low prices and other causes world supply and absorption were rapidly approaching equilibrium. He foresaw that tea would not be available for long at prices appreciably below cost of production.

For years past, he said, the U.S.A. Government Agencies have played an almost decisive role in shaping the course of natural rubber prices by reason of their stockpile purchases on the one hand and their synthetic production policy on the other. The State Department are well aware of what a fair price for natural rubber means to the economy of South East Asia, but they are not the Agency which dictates the policy of the U.S.A. Government in rubber matters. The natural rubber industry desires, and ought to have, a fair field in which to compete on its merits with synthetics priced on a commercial, unsubsidised basis with only minimum mandatory use.

The Report was adopted.

FIRE!
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. . . He stretched out his arms in their rusty black sleeves and gazed ruefully at the frayed edges of his cuffs. "I am glad I am not a Cardinal," he said, "for I should find great temptation in this austerity"—

and Martin Jordan, though his prose as a whole failed to catch the Chestertonian ring and punch, had one good passage:

> The plain fact is that the Cardinal is a prince. The truly startling thing about his dress is that it is not a *fancy*-dress.

Of the other Chestertonians, I liked P.M.'s bold echo:

> He doesn't care where the water goes, if it doesn't go into the silk.

Only Guy Kendall turned historian; he deserves commendation for:

> It is not without significance that the curtailing of trains and tails followed shortly after the admission of a majority of non-Italians to the Sacred College.

That body was now no longer an Italian perquisite. But no Protestant historian has a right to be as tolerantly mellow as he showed himself in the rest of his entry.

First prize of three guineas to R. Kennard Davis for catching so brilliantly the hand-gallop of Barham: a perfect parody. A guinea each to Michael Dugdale, Richard Buckle and Elaine Morgan.

R. H. Barham

The Cardinal read, and the Cardinal's eyes
Flashed scarlet with anger, and bulged with surprise.
"What? Limit the train
Of my *cappa*? 'Tis plain,
Simplicity's gone to His Holiness' brain!
He must be insane!
What? Cut off the tail of my purple *soutane*?
And leave my end flat like a wretched Manx cat?
I'll eat my Red Hat
Before I submit to such treatment as that!
And—bless my biretta!—He wants my *mazzetta*
Reduced from its silk into commonplace wool!,
Uncommonly cool!
If so great merit he finds in austerity,
Next he will end our Episcopal splendour
And doom us in lieu of our grandeur symbolic
To live like Saint Peter, in garb Apostolic
And squalor bucolic!—'Tis hardly a frolic
For one who has found the fulfilment of dreams
In his Cardinal's robes, as Archbishop of Rheims!

R. Kennard Davis

Ronald Firbank

A footman's arm, fresh from the House Basilica, and swathed still in purple watered silk, proffered to Lady Parvula de Panzoust a silver dish.

"Do I," she inquired, sliding onto her plate a jewelled cascade of whitebait, "brush the sleeve of Heresy?"

Mrs. Thoroughfare raised her eyes towards the gilded uncertainties of the cornice. "Their Eminences," she clairvoyantly declared, "are to be clad in wool. Like sheep, like shepherds."

"Of what are you speaking?" demanded Mrs. Hurstpierpoint, extending an imperious finger, and trailing across the table a Niagara of Byzantine embroidery, "of what do you speak? I must be told."

"And," added Mrs. Thoroughfare, suppressing, without difficulty a giggle, "To be shorn of their tails."

Her glance sought the terrace, where a peacock provoked, with a thousand feathered *oeillades*, an unregarding stone hermaphrodite.

"It is true," said Father Colley Mahoney, morosely transferring to more important matters his disapproval of the antics of two footmen, at odds over a *bonbonnière* that once had been a chalice, "the Cardinals are to go in red flannel; and, I learn, in the Sacred College there are to be classes in knitting—on Tuesdays."

Lady Parvula's vagrant spirit was away among the Cardinalitial *tricoteuses*, at the foot of the scaffold. Vindictively she beheaded a whitebait, and counted—One—Two.

Mrs. Hurstpierpoint appeared aghast. Her fragile features wore the expression of a Cleopatra who discerns, on the menu, a Tecla Pearl.

Wool.

At Valmouth, never. Never in Nuestra Señora.

And yet, as though appalled by the rebellion of her spirit, she was off at once to command that one (only) of the Cat's nine tails be diminished to orthodox length.

Michael Dugdale

"Cardinal Finocchio seems surely sadly curand -tailed!" broke in Miss Philpot with a tender onrush of understanding.

The interlaced girls squeezed tighter. Constituting unintentionally yet one more allegorical group on the laden roof of the *palazzo*, they observed with interest the last arrivals at the Principessa's *thé-dansant*.

Senior by several moons, and a *romana* to boot, Donna Valeria waxed explanatory.

"They do say," she vouchsafed, "that in *some* of his haunts seven yards might prove an embarrassment . . ."

"So long and red!"

"Still—"

A sunset pregnant with a thousand martyrdoms interrupted their innocent conjectures. Over the Vatican the sky was making ample amends for any skimping of scarlet.

"Oh, Val-!"

"Yes???"

The interlocutress turned quizzical eyes on her transalpine companion. Without "glasses" the girl might pass almost for sweet. "Frankly, though, can you conceive of Uncle Orsini in *wool* . . . ?"

Miss Philpot explored her dexter nostril with an expert nail. "Perhaps—." She surveyed the silken effusion of her "latest" Paquin—fashioned, it is true, long since for a fast aunt. "—when in Rome one should—"

But a *brise marine* from Ostia banished all thoughts of renunciation and austerity.

The girls broke suddenly into an insouciant hornpipe.

Richard Buckle

Cardinals' Song by Chesterton

The world grew old and weary, glory and art decayed;
Men were afraid of splendour, but we were not afraid.
We found their commendation harder to bear than blame,
For what we did in joy and pride they thought we did in shame.
The melancholy ministers in chapels made of tin
Said "So much less of scarlet is so much less of sin."
(It was their shabbiness that made our resolution strong:
"We'll wear our garments shorter, for you wear yours much too long.")
The triumphing teetotallers they toasted us in milk,
Because our cloaks were made of wool, that once were made of silk
(They did not see the shudder that provoked the new design,
How when we looked at watered silk we thought of watered wine.)
The niggling Newstatesmen they gave a little sneer,
They called their guinea rhymers up to christen us "austere."
(But we had met a Darwinist, and that's what made us say,
"Rather than boast of having tails, we'll throw them all away!")

Elaine Morgan

CHESS: Who Trapped Whom?

No. 169

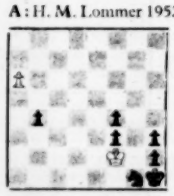
As an alternative title I might have chosen *The Boon of a Poker Face*, since, with his usual modesty, C. H. O'D. Alexander implies that it was mainly good luck and a good poker face that gave him triumph rather than disaster in the recent Cambridge v Civil Service match. It was only some time later, he adds, that he began to boast that he foresaw it all. I don't believe a word of it, I am quite sure he did foresee it all when in this position (playing Black), he dared his opponent to play (17) Kt-K6, B x Kt (18) Q x B,

and promptly obliged by . . . Kt-B7 wading into what his shrewd opponent may well be pardoned to have considered a very subtle little trap. The sequel was (19) R x P, Q-K1 (20) R-Q7, and now the devil's brew, cooked up by White (N. McKelvie) is clearly evident. If now Black defends by R-B2, White simply plays Kt-B3, followed by Kt-K5. "Moreover," says Alexander "White threatened R x P ch. So what?" Well, he played (20) . . . R-Q1!! countered (21) R x P ch by R-B2! and suddenly it appeared that, in spite of the Black Q being en prise White was hopelessly lost. Another interesting position is this one, sent in by Bruce Hayden. Playing White he went in for (1) B x P, P x B (2) P-R6, P-B5 ch. So far it is all rather obvious, but now the position appears to be bristling with pitfalls, such as (3) K-B2? P x Kt ch (4) K x P? Kt-R4 ch! and the P can be stopped. But (4) K-Kt2 is refuted by (4) . . . Kt-R4 (5) P-R7, Kt-B5 ch, followed by Kt-Kt3. And if (4) K-Kt1 Black, at the very least, should have a draw by (4) . . . Kt-R4 (5) P-R7, Kt-B5 (6) P queens, Kt x P! Strangely enough, White's only chance to win seems to be the unnatural looking (3) K-K2!; for now (3) . . . Kt-R4 is ruled out by Kt x Kt, and (3) . . . Kt x P ch seems adequately countered by (4) K-B1, even though there are still a good many complications in this ending. Since this has turned out to be a "Readers' Own" my third chessbook token goes to G. S. Fisher for this amusing King-hunt.

(1) P-K4	Kt-KB3	(13) R-R2	P-QR3
(2) P-K5	Kt-Q4	(14) Q-B4	Kt(3)-Kt5
(3) P-Q4	P-Q3	(15) B x Kt	Kt x B
(4) P-KB4	B-B4	(16) R-R1	B-B4 ch!
(5) B-Q3	B x B	(17) K-Kt3	Q-Q6 ch
(6) Q x B	P x P	(18) Q x Q	R x Q ch
(7) Q-Kt5 ch?	Kt-B3	(19) K-R4	B-K2 ch
(8) QP x P	P-K3	(20) K-R5	P-Kt3 ch
(9) B-Q2	Q-Q2	(21) K-R6	B-B1 ch
(10) Kt-K2	O-O-O	(22) K-Kt5	P-R3 ch
(11) P-QR4	Kt-K6!	(23) K-B6	R-Q2
(12) K-B2	Kt x BP	(24) QKt-B3	R-R2

and mates next move

A: H. M. Lommer 1952



In this week's competition pride of place belongs to a delightfully witty study composed by a reader. It should be well worth 6 ladder points. White is to win. **B**, a proper windfall of 4 points for the more experienced competitors, is the usual concession to beginners who should try to see how White finished the game most elegantly. Actually, it is a mate in 3.

B: Saalbach 1861

C: G. Nadareisvili 1947

As for **C**—White to win—even our cracks may well consider these 7 points not too easily earned.

Usual prizes. Entries by January 5

REPORT ON COMPETITION

Set December 3

A: (1) Kt x Kt, B x Q, (2) B x P ch, K-K2, (3) Kt-Q5 mate. But Black could have played (1) . . . P x Kt, losing a piece.)

B: (1) P-Kt4, K-R6, (2) K-R5, K-Kt7! (3) K-Kt6, K-Kt6, (4) K-Kt5, K-B7, (5) K-B6, K-B6, (6) K-B5, K-Q7, (7) K-Q5, K-Q6, (8) K-Q5, K-K7, (9) K-K6, K-K6, (10) K-K5, K-B7, (11) K-B6, K-B6, (12) K-B5, K-Kt7 (13) K-Kt6, K-R6, (14) K-R5 !, etc.

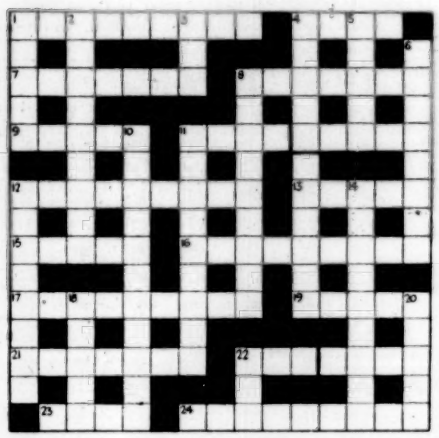
C: (1) Kt-Kt4, K-Kt1, (2) Kt-B3 ch, K-Kt2, (3) Kt x P, K x Kt, (4) P-K5, B x P, (5) K-K6!, K-Kt3, (6) K-Q7, K-B5, (7) K-B8, etc.

If (4) . . . B-Kt7, (5) P-K6, B-R6, (6) K-K5, K-Kt3, (7) K-Q5, K-B5, (8) K-B6, K-Kt, (9) K-Kt7, K-Q3, (10) P-K7!, K x P, (11) K x P, etc.

Once again, correct (or very near-correct) solutions came from so many competitors that I cannot mention them all. Prizes shared by E. W. Carmichael, R. Chandra, G. E. Fisher, L. J. Jackson, H. V. Trevenen.

Assiac

Week-end Crossword No. 28



ACROSS

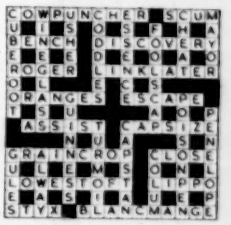
1. The place to summon the present bearer? (9).
4. Its relations became a carriage (4).
7. Is everyone in favour of this toy? (7).
8. It is more flexible, for twice the Christmas number go into dinner (7).
9. He provides a shilling article and gratitude follows (5).
11. Was lost or could discover a way of preparing a meal (4, 5).
12. Vegetables are voluble in pantomime (9).
13. Collide with a decoration and produce a breakdown (5).
15. Sticky about evil (5).
16. Moderate (9).
17. Children may have them day and night (9).
19. Plunders the bags (5).
21. Mrs. Bold's suitor embraces a foreigner (7).
22. A last year's pantomime hero with two degrees (3, 4).
23. Bogus contents of Christmas hampers (4).
24. Times change and let love in as an excuse for kissing (9).

DOWN

1. They are apparently not bottled, but have been on ice (5).
2. Land races start in the New Year (9).
3. But you may get one by walking (3).
4. Seasonable restrictions on the press? (5, 6).
5. About the east one of the flock is transformed into an inspired voice (5).
6. Bob would make the clerk withdraw it from the race (8).
8. These gifts perhaps cost sovereigns (9).
10. The best man I see has the habit of not turning up (11).
11. His cannot provide support (9).
12. Ornate style without exception at the start (8).
14. Cutting the rent perhaps is followed by a song (9).
18. Stretch of water (5).
20. Fish? You can when the ice is frozen (5).
22. Fool! He is absent, so there is no reward for victory (3).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 27



APPOINTMENTS VACANT

The engagement of persons answering these advertisements must be made through a Local Office of the Ministry of Labour or a Scheduled Employment Agency if the applicant is a man aged 18-64 inclusive or a woman aged 18-59 inclusive unless he or she, or the employment, is excepted from the provisions of the Notification of Vacancies Order, 1952.

UNIVERSITY of Oxford. Trinity College. Official Fellowship or Lectureship. The President and Fellows propose to elect either an Official Fellow, or a Lecturer, to have charge of the teaching of Economics in the college. The person appointed will be required to take up his duties in Michaelmas Term 1953, or earlier by arrangement. The stipend of the fellow or lecturer will vary according to age and experience; if a fellow is appointed, his stipend will be not less than £600 per annum, in addition to rooms in college and dining allowance. Applications should be addressed to the President not later than 14 January, 1953, with a full statement of qualifications and a testimonial given for the purpose, together with the names of two referees.

B.B.C. requires Assistant in Children's Hour, Sound Broadcasting. Duties include selecting and editing scripts and producing and presenting in the studio many types of children's programmes. Desirable qualifications: some knowledge of music, the theatre and the arts generally, experience of film, theatre or radio production, an acceptable microphone voice. Starting salary £590 or £795 rising by 5 annual increments to £800 or £1,065 respectively according to qualifications. Applications to Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W.1, marked "A.C.H. N.Stm." within a week. For acknowledgement please enclose stamped addressed envelope.

WHY Not Be A Nurse? Do you know that you can train under delightful conditions in England's loveliest county, and be paid during training an allowance of £200–£225 a year, plus dependant's allowance? Modern Nurses' Home with separate bedrooms and splendid recreational facilities are provided. Dartford is 15 miles from London, with excellent train and bus services to the Metropolis, the coast and all parts of the Kent countryside. Why not write now to the Matron, The Southern Hospital, Dartford, Kent, for full particulars of vacancies.

SALISBURY C.L.P. Applications are invited for the post of Agent/Secretary. Salary and conditions in accordance with National Agreement. Application forms from: Mr. F. C. Shepherd, The Labour Hall, Three Swans Yard, Winchester St., Salisbury, to be returned not later than February 7, 1953.

GRADUATE Master (single) required for General Subjects and Games. Small Co-ed. school in West Country. Box 5714.

BRITISH Manufacturers of Danish "Le Klint" pleated paper lampshades require competent and pleasant Assistant Manageress to fill interesting and progressive position at their Kensington workshop. Write giving full particulars & salary reqd. Box 5665.

JUNIOR, aged 15 to 17, with some typing ability, required for office duties. Some knowledge of shorthand an advantage but not essential. Salary according to age. Apply in own handwriting, with school reference if possible, to Box 5752.

EDUCATED, adaptable woman reqd. by London doctor & wife. Domestic, receptionist, secretarial duties, including typing. Could accommodate school-age girl. Box 5720.

CLUB Leader reqd. for Mixed Youth Club, S.E. London. Applications and details of qualifications, salary, &c., Box 5747.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

YOUNG Navigating Officer in the Merchant Navy, utterly fed up with modern seaLife, seeks work ashore. Has some university education, and offers hard work, resourcefulness and initiative. Box 5673.

TRADE Union official, long experience accident legal work, I. I. Acts and Common Law, seeks change. Box 5617.

EXPD. Secretary Sh./Typist free occasional periods. ARC. 1765, Ex. 1.

FELLOWSHIP

UNIVERSITY of London. Leon Fellowship. Applications are invited for the Leon Fellowship for Research (preferably in the fields of Economics or Education) for the Session 1953-54. The Fellowship is of the value of not less than £500 a year, and is tenable in the first instance for one year. It is not essential that candidates should be members of a University, but they are expected to put forward a programme of research of an advanced character and to produce evidence that they can carry it out. Selected candidates will be required to attend for interview. Further particulars should be obtained from the Academic Registrar, University of London, Senate House, London, W.C.1, and applications for the Fellowship must be recvd. not later than Feby. 1, 1953.

WHERE TO STAY AND RESTAURANTS

TURNBERRY Hotel, Ayrshire, Scotland's famous seaside resort and Ailsa Golf Course. Reservations should be made early for 1953 season. Enquiries will receive the personal attention of the Resident Manager.

GLENEAGLES Hotel, Perthshire, famous wherever golf is played, reopens for 1953 season at Easter. Early reservations for Coronation Year advisable. Enquiries for accommodation will receive the personal attention of the Resident Manager.

BOOK for New Year now if needing warmth, comfort and good food at congenial private hotel (noted sheltered winter resort). Informative illustrated Brochure free on request. 6½ to 4½gns (4th floor), inclusive gratuities, early tea, 3 meals plus afternoon tea, coffee, daily, well heated bedroom (central heating throughout). Twin beds; Slumberlands; h. & c. Two well-appointed Lounges. Convalescents welcome (breakfast in bed). Recommended by readers, also members Toc H., W.V.S., Rotary, etc. Normanhurst, Sea-front, St. Leonards, Sussex. Facing South; best position 3-mile promenade; opp. covered walk. Near Sun-Lounge (orchestra daily). Curative Baths. Tel. Hastings 4784.

CORNWALL. Trehartock Manor & Farm, Jersey Herd. Remarkably sheltered. Log fires. Come for early Spring flowers in January. Open all the year. Golf St. Enodoc. For Port Quin, Lundy Bay, Port Gaverne, and Polzeath. Excellent cuisine and all personal comforts guaranteed. Manageress, Mrs. Accles. Port Isaac 234.

SUNNY Mallorca. 10s. per day for three good meals, cleanliness and comfort. A Catalina Vera's Pension, Vista Alegre, 51 Isaac Peral, Puerto de Andraitx, Mallorca.

BOURNEMOUTH—Connaught Court Hotel —33 rooms. One acre grounds. Every comfort and superlative food. Terms 21s. day, 6gns. wkly. incl., from Oct. 1. Tel. 1944.

COTE d'Azur. Holidays at moderate inclusive terms. Typical Provençal hotel. 1st class French cuisine. All modern comforts. Own cabin cruiser and car. Illustrated brochure: Ermitage, Bandol (Var).

OLD Plaw Hatch, Sharpthorne, Nr. East Grinstead. Blazing logs welcome you and a friendly staff look after your comfort. Good food is a speciality here. Sharpthorne 37.

WHERE TO STAY, etc.—continued

STEANBRIDGE: quiet guest house in unspoilt Cotswold valley has a few vacancies with view to permanency. People of all nationalities welcome. Home-grown produce: breakfast in bed (optl.). Finlayson, Steanbridge, Nr. Stroud, Glos. Painswick 2312.

GREEK Rest. White Tower, 1 Percy St., W.1. Mus. 2187. Open till 10 p.m.

TYPING AND TRANSLATIONS

ABBEY Secretarial Bureau, 157 Abbey House, Victoria St., S.W.1 (ABB. 3772). First-class typing. Rapid duplicating (in colours), circularising, theses, testimonials, etc.

DALEY'S Typewriting and Duplicating, 2 Gray's Inn Rd., W.C.1. Tel. HOL. 5157.

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MISCELLANEOUS

THE Continental Club for conversation and tuition in foreign languages every Tuesday evening from 8 p.m. 15 Baker St., W.1. Enquiries Secretary, CUN. 8837.

QUAKERISM. Information respecting the Faith and Practice of the Religious Society of Friends free on application to the Friends Home Service Committee, Friends House, Euston Rd., London, N.W.1.

LEARN Shorthand by January 24 (one hour's study nightly). First lesson 2½d. stamp. Duttons (Dept. N.S.), 92 Gt. Russell St., London, W.C.1.

SAVE 10s. in the £1. buy your unrationed tea in bulk. 5 lb pure Indian tea for 12s. 6d. post paid. Send postal order direct to John Bennett & Co., Billiter Bldgs., London, E.C.3, wholesalers for over a century.

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BAN Gin Traps which torture. I can send you particulars of eleven other humane ways of killing rabbits. Refuse to buy rabbits with legs mangled by traps or swollen heads from snares. Also write for Fur Crusade leaflets telling how to kill domestic animals and poultry; and White List of furs humanely obtained. Major Van der Byl, 49 Tregunter Road, London, S.W.10.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

"MUSIC Parade," favourite magazine of Musical Britain, 6s. 6d. year. Unwin (below). "Voices of the Opera"—inexpensive book for opera lovers, 3s. 6d., from Unwin, 53 Glenmore Rd., N.W.3.

"THE Record." The First Five Years of Israel's Struggle by Yona Yaari. New Poale Zion pamphlet—price 6d. Obtainable from 2 Bloomsbury Place, W.C.1. MUS. 4702.

INTERESTED in languages? Then read "The Linguist," published monthly with articles and features in English, French, German, Spanish, Italian and Esperanto. "Original, entertaining and, above all, helpful." 1s. from newsagents, or 13s. yearly from "The Linguist," 20 Grosvenor Place, S.W.1.

"TO See and To Hear," by C. Leslie Thomson, B.Sc., 9s. 4d., from the Kingston Clinic, Edinburgh, 9.

BOOKS wanted. Highest prices paid for pre-war books by popular authors. Up to half published price for recent novels in fine condition. Selected titles of Reprint Society & Readers' Union. Private libraries purchased. Berger & Tims, Fiction Library Service, 159 Victoria St., W.1. Phone VICtoria 9827.

L. SIMMONDS, 16 Fleet Street. Central 3907. Books bought in any quantity. Libraries purchased. Standard sets. Good technical books also required.

BOOKS bought and found. The Hammersmith Bookshop, W.6. RIV. 6807.

DEUTSCHE Buecher Gesucht! R. & E. Steiner, 64 Talgarth Rd., W.14. FUL. 7924.

GERMAN books in 7 rooms: Libris, 38a Boundary Rd., N.W.8. MAI. 3030.

SCHOOLS

FORTIS Green School, 68 Fortis Green, N.2, co-educational progressive, independent, day and weekly boarding school; children 2-12 yrs. Recognised by Min. of Ed. Spacious grounds, small classes, individual work, project method, outdoor activities; pupils sit common entrance exam. 11+.

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THE New School, Kings Langley, Herts. Day and Boarding School for boys and girls from 6 to 18. The well-balanced and comprehensive method of education, based on Rudolf Steiner's principles, avoids early specialisation and aims at unfolding the individual faculties and gifts of the child while developing truly social impulses. Preparation for School Leaving Examinations. Moderate fees. Prospectus on request.

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GOOD manners, sound education, happy home for boys over three at Staddles, Chute Lodge, Near Andover.

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ENTERTAINMENTS

ARTS. Tem. 3334. 7.0 (ex. Mon.); Sat., Sun. 5 & 8. "Maria Martep." Mems.

UNITY (Eus. 5391). "Strangers in the Land." Weds.-Suns., 7.30. Tues., Dec. 30, 7.30, Russian Film, "Without Prejudice." and Chaplin comedy. Mems.

IRVING. WHI. 8657. Evgs. 10.30 (ex-Mon.); Sun. 9.30. "In the Picture," an intimate late-night Revue. Mems. 5s. year.

EVERYMAN. Ham 1525. Until Dec. 28. Group 3's "Brandy for the Parson" (U). "Waverley Steps" (U). From Dec. 29. Cocteau's "La Belle et La Bête" (A).

PEOPLE'S Pal. Adv. 3331. Sun., Dec. 28, 7.30 "Les Mains Sales" (A) (France).

ROSSELLINI'S "Paisa." 7.30, Jan. 1. Ann. Sub. 15s. Guest Tickets, advance only, 2s. 6d. Sec., Hammersmith Film Society, Town Hall, W.6. (RIV. 6011).

ILFORD New Era Film Society (VAL. 8100). Sunday, Dec. 28, 7.30 p.m. Ilford Town Hall. Jacques Tati's comedy, "Jour de Fête" and supporting programme. Exhibition of 19th Century French water-colours.

PECKHAM F.S. Jan. 1, 7.15 p.m. 3-hour epic of 1916, "Intolerance." Co-op. Hall, Rye Lane. BRI. 1436.

NEW Year's Dance. St. Marylebone Fabian Society and Labour Party. Saturday, January 3, 8-12 p.m., at Railway Hotel, 100 West End Lane, near West Hampstead Tube Station. 28, 59, 159 buses: tickets 4s. 6d. at door; guests welcome.

Y.P.C. of the J.N.F. present a Gala New Year's Eve Dinner and Ball at the Empire Rooms, Tottenham Court Rd., on Wed., Dec. 31. Dancing to Claude Cavaliotti & his Orchestra and to Don Phillipe and his Samba Band, 7.30 to 1 a.m. Tombola, Carnival Novelties, Square Dancing. Tkts., incl. Dinner & Buffet, £2 12s. 6d., from Miss S. Senslive, 31 St. Marks St., E.1. ROYal 5852.

GRAND Xmas Dance, Sat., Dec. 27, 7-11.30 p.m. St. Pancras Town Hall. Gents 5s., ladies 3s. 6d. League of Coloured Peoples.

THE Hungarian Club announces a gay New Year's Eve Party (Szilveszter Est) Wednesday, December 31, 8 p.m. Entertainments, Music, Dancing. Hungarian food and wines. Tickets for members and friends 4s. Admission at door 5s. Obtainable in advance from the Secretary, 33 Pembridge Square, W.2.

THAMES Sailing Barge, Glencoe Arts Club invites you to New Year's Eve Opening Party. 1gn. single, 35s. double, for food, cabaret & Negro band. Subscription 1gn. After January 1 entrance fee 1gn. in addition. CEN. 2848.

CONCERT

ROYAL Festival Hall. Sun., Jan. 4 at 7.30 p.m. Pouishnoff, Piano Recital of wks. by Haydn, W. F. Bach, Liszt, and Chopin. 2s. 6d. to 10s. WATerloo 3191.

EXHIBITIONS

GANYMED Facsimiles & Turnstile Prints on show daily, 11 Great Turnstile, W.C.1. New illustrated catalogue 1s. post free.

MARLBOROUGH, 17-18 Old Bond St., W.1. Important French Lithographs—Toulouse-Lautrec, Picasso (1952), Vuillard, Chagall, etc. Also Redouté "Roses" and Thornton "Temple of Flora."

BERKELEY Galleries, 20 Davies St., W.1. Exhib. of Work by Artists of Abbey Art Centre, New Barnet. Daily 10-6. Sat. 10-1.

HANOVER Gallery, 32a St. George St., W.1. Recent Paintings by Francis Bacon. Paintings by F. L. Ralphe. Trompe l'oeils and Flowers by Richard Chopping. Until Jan. 2.

GIMPEL Fils, 50 South Molton St., W.1. Sculpture by Kenneth Armitage. Pottery by James Tower. Pen and Ink Drawings by "Scottie" Wilson. Closed December 27.

IRVING Galleries. Until Dec. 27. Paintings & Drawings, Dutch, English and French. 17 Irving St., Leicester Square.

THE Coffee House, 3 Northumberland Avenue, W.C.1. Etchings and Sculpture by Peter J. Peri, Dec. 21 until Jan. 23.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

H. I. BLACKHAM: "The Year in Retrospect." At Ethical Church, 4a Inverness Place, W.2. Sun., Dec. 28, at 11 a.m.

"A JEWISH View of Jesus"—Address by Rabbi Leslie I. Edgar, M.A., at Sunday Service, December 28, at 11.30 a.m., at the Liberal Jewish Synagogue, 28 St. John's Wood Road, N.W.8. (opp. Lord's Cricket Ground). All welcome.

NUGENT Monck on "Shakespeare at the Maddermarket Theatre", Wed., Jan. 7, 7.30; Arts Council, 4 St. James's Square, S.W.1. Tickets 2s. Shakespeare Stage Society, 96 Charlotte St., W.1. (S.a.e.)

FRANK Dawtry will speak on "The Menace of Flogging," Jan. 2, 8.15 p.m. All welc. No collection. 62 Queen's Gdns., W.2 (nr. Lancaster Terrace & Craven Rd.).

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

COMPLETE Secretarial Training and shorter courses for graduates of older students at Davies's, White Lodge, 2 Addison Rd., W.14. Telephone: Park 4465.

TOUCH-typing and/or Shorthand. Private tuition. Bayswater 1786.

LECTURE COURSES, etc.—continued

"LEISURE-TIME" Courses in—The Elizabethan Age, Clear Thinking, Development of Modern Philosophy, The Bible in a Scientific Age, The Literary Scene Today, Travel, Art, Music, Drama, Crafts. Over 50 Subjects. Canteen. Common Room and Library, etc., at Mary Ward Settlement, 5-7 Tavistock Place, W.C.1. (Bus. 1816.) Spring Term commences January 5th, 1953. Syllabus on application to Registrar.

LEARN Languages without Translation. The Pelman Languages Institute teaches French, German, Spanish, Italian without the use of English; the method is explained in four little books, one for each language; write for book and specimen lessons, sent gratis, post free. (Reduced fees for serving and ex-Service members of H.M. Forces.) Pelman Languages Institute, 67 Norfolk Mansions, Wigmore St., London, W.1.

LANGUAGE Tuition Centre, School of Foreign Languages and School of English for Foreign Nationals, 63 Oxford St., W.1. Tel. Gerrard 8531-2. All Foreign Languages taught in day and evening classes, or private lessons; beginners and all grades. Intensive Daily Classes in English and preparation for Cambridge Univ. Certificate. Short or Long Courses. Enrolment daily. Prospectus free.

ADMINISTRATIVE and Secretarial Training. Expert advice on careers. Individual care. Good posts found for all qualified students. Courses for Political, Hospital, Hotel and Library work; Journalism, Advertising, Languages and Foreign Shorthands and in Management. Special arrangements for graduates. Scholarships available. Resident and day students. Apply J. W. Loveridge, M.A. (Cantab.), St. Cedric's Secretarial College, 2 Arkwright Rd., N.W.3. Ham. 2986.

CORONATION-Year students joining the Langham Secretarial College on January 5 next will receive an extra month's tuition free of charge for tours and background lectures. Enrol now. Vacancies limited. Prospectus: Principal, 10 Dunraven Street, Park Lane, W.1. (MAY. 2906.)

HANOVER School of Modern Languages. All Languages. English for Foreigners. Intensive Courses. Day & Evng. Classes. Private Tuition. Preparation for Exams. Lectures on French Literature in French, every Wed., 8.15. Accommodation arranged. 1 Hanover Sq., W.1. GRO. 7347.

TOUCH-Typewriting. Learn in 12 private lessons. Peggy Sutton: FLA. 7967.

ALL modern languages including Russian. Hebrew, English for foreigners at Language Centre, Gayton Rd. New courses from Jan. 12. Moderate fees. HAM. 9097.

INTENSIVE Secretarial Training (Gregg), also evg. classes shorthand/typing. Frances King, 3 Harrington Rd., S.W.7. Ken. 4771.

POSTAL tuition for Gen. Cert. of Educn. (Lond., Oxf., Camb., Northn.); London B.A., B.Sc., B.Sc.Econ., LL.B., B.D., Degrees; Law Exams, etc. Low fees. Prospectus from C. D. Parker, M.A., LL.D., Dept. VH92, Wolsey Hall, Oxford (Est. 1894).

A MAN came to the Isobel Cripps Centre suffering from a pain in his back. He was told we did not give treatment, but that we could teach him to stand and walk better. Having for a long time had no relief from being a patient he decided to be a pupil instead. He has learnt now to stand and walk rather well. His pain has disappeared. Moral: The way you use your body determines how well it works. Particulars: Sec., 18 Lansdowne Rd., London, W.11. Park 7222.

EXPERT tuition in interpretation and technique of pianoforte-playing.—Leschetizky Method. Tonya Polunin L.R.A.M. BAY. 2816.

GUITAR tuition, Segovia style. Beginners' Courses, regardless of age. Free Folder: Len Williams, Spanish Centre, 12 Little Newport St., W.C.2. GER. 6457.

PERSONAL

EDUCATED young Dutch girl wants to stay in family February till August to perfect her English; willing to help household and children. Box 5724.

COMF. home N.W. London offered teacher or student exch. for occas. domestic help & baby-sitting. Tel. evgs. MEA. 2428.

OXFORD grad. (27) free Jan.-Sept. Must earn. Exp. teacher-lecturer, broadcasting. Interests people, drama. Box 5498.

ENGL. woman, fluent Fr., trav., educ., sks. post Italy with family. Box 5730.

EX-MANNEQUIN, leaving for Singapore January 1, offers remaining two bargains, Italian models, black suit, fur-lined boxy jacket, Persian lamb collar, also brocade cocktail two-piece. Please apply only if 23in waist, 33in hip. Positively last chance. McMinnies, 22 Belsize Ave., N.W.3. PRImrose 1043, or Mon.-Tues. a.m. GER. 2152.

SHORT Stories tgd. by Jewish Quarterly Magazine. Write in 1st inst. Box 5719.

OFFICE to let, with telephone. Pref. Welfare Organisation. W.C.1. area. Box 5670.

STUDENTS visiting London. Delightful flat for 3, in Regency cottage. Old Hampstead, nr. Tube; bkfast. service, occasional meals; French, Italian, German spoken; English lessons. Young household. Box 5661.

BAKER St. School of Dancing (V.). Priv. lessons classes Ballrm. dancing. WEL. 4841.

PERSONAL—continued

FOOTBALL and the Fine Arts. £3,000 in prizes. Four classes: Paintings; Drawings and Water-Colours; Engravings and Lithographs; Sculptures. The subject to be a game of Association Football, in England, or any scene connected with it (e.g., the changing room, spectators, a club ground or stadium, portraits of individual players). No limitation on the artist's style. The jury will consist of Sir Philip Hendy, Mr. Philip James, Sir Edward Marsh, Mr. Raymond Mortimer and Sir John Rothenstein. Write to the Football Association, 22 Lancaster Gate, W.2, for full particulars and entry form. Entry forms due December 31, 1952. Entries to be submitted by March 31, 1953.

YOUR New Year Resolution! Start the year well and run an "Ema Low" New Year's Party at Winkfield Place, or January Winter Sports Party to Austria. Ema Low, 47 Old Brompton Rd., S.W.7. KEN. 0911.

"THE Art of Seeing."—Readers impressed by Aldous Huxley's account of how his sight was saved by the methods of the late Dr. Bates, the celebrated American oculist and author of "Good Sight Without Glasses," may be interested to know that this technique is practised by the Misses Scarlett at 19A Cavendish Sq., W.1 (Langham 3626).

WINTER Sports bargains! Join one of our parties to Lech, Kitzbühel or Alpbach and benefit from the 20 per cent reduction on cable railways, ski-lifts and ski-school. Departures January 3, 10, 17 and 31. 16 days' inclusive holiday from £29 15s.; £14 spending money. Erna Low, 47 Old Brompton Rd., London, S.W.7. KEN. 0911.

BEST Wishes for Christmas, even if belated, and for 1953, to all friends and clients from Anthony Panting, 30 Abbey Gardens, N.W.8. MAI. 3200.

REVUE material: Writers are invited to submit lyrics and/or sketches for an intimate London revue to be produced in the New Year. Write in first inst.: Box 5564.

A Portrait taken at John Vickers' Studio need cost no more than 3gns. Sittings with Mr. Vickers himself cost from 7gns. He specialises in portraits of those who have come to regard themselves as "difficult" subjects. An appointment is essential. VIC. 4915. 29B Belgrave Rd., S.W.1.

DENE Park, Tonbridge, Kent. Country house run as nursing home for elderly people, convalescents. Lovely views, good food, warmth, dining-room, drawing-room. 7-14gns. Tonbridge 3059.

MATHS. for Matric. Inter. Rustomjee, 2 Carlingford Rd., N.W.3. HAM. 0210. 6 Rectory Avenue, High Wycombe, H.W. 1436.

PSYCHOLOGICAL treatment. A private consultant lines. Particulars from Sec., London Centre for Psychotherapy, 11b Dryden Chambers, 119 Oxford St., London, W.1.

BOYS and girls enjoy holidays at Pinewood, Anwellbury, Herts. Elizabeth Strachan, Ware 52.

RUSSIAN lessons by experienced Russian teacher. Box 5376.

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PHILIP HUMPHREYS. Psychologist, 69 Prince's Gate, South Kensington, S.W.7. Kensington 8042.

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ROAD accident in 7 involves a dog. Train your dog and keep him alive. Learn how. Write for Correspondence Course Prospectus to (CN) National Canine Defence League, 10 Seymour St., London, W.1.

THE Central Board for Conscientious Objectors, 6 Endsleigh St., W.C.1, offers its advice on matters of conscience to those liable for National Service and to Reservists.

QUICKHAND in one week-end: rapid note-taking using your ordinary writing. Send P.O. 12s. for complete course. M.A. Educational Service (NSN), 119 Brent St., London, N.W.4.

WRITE for Profit in Spare Time. The Ideal Hobby. Send 21d. stamp for "Subjects that Sell Today" (a special bulletin) and informative prospectus. Regent Institute (D.191), Palace Gate, London, W.8.

PSYCHOLOGIST. Phyllis Perlow, 89 Somerton Rd., N.W.2. GLA. 2400.

MONTHLY Salaries Loan Co., Ltd., 6 Chandos St., Cavendish Square, W.1. LAN. 5714. Personal loans from £30.

SUPERFLUOUS hair permanently removed from the face & body by the latest Continental method—expert attention—perfect results—no scars. Electro Cosmetics, Ltd., 25 Welbeck St., London, W.1. WEL. 1754.

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NERVOUS Tension relieved through new nerve treatment. Relaxation-therapy, Massage, Manipulation, Osteopathy. The Nerve Centre, 1 Bentinck St., London, W.1. Tel.: Welbeck 9600. Ask for brochure.

PERSONAL—continued

WINTER Sports—for details of delightful, informal parties to Austria from 27½ guineas for 14 days, apply to Fairways & Swinford (Travel), Ltd., Dept. (NS), Parliament Mansions, Abbey Orchard Street, London, S.W.1. Tel. ABBey 2214/5.

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HALL, Leic. Sq., with bkfst. food counter. Meetings, socials. 12gns. evg. WHI. 3678.

P.S. A Happy New Year to all readers, even those who enter it in less exalted circumstances than at Obergurgl or Breta/e.

P.P.S. 1953 must, of course, include a Harold Ingham holiday, so write now to 15 St. John's Road, Harrow.

ACCOMMODATION VACANT AND WANTED

TRIGON House Hotel, Notting Hill Gate, 40 Pembridge Villas, W.11. Phone BAY 0667. Lux. serv. rooms w. board. Reasonable.

A CHARMING Bijou Guest House, h. and c.; garden; rooms incl. breakfast and dinner, from 3gns. Few mins. Marble Arch, nr. tube, buses. 80 Maida Vale, W.9. MAI. 1930.

KENWYN Private Hotel, 29, West Cromwell Rd., S.W.5. FRO. 1000. Near Earls Court. H. & C. all rms. Personal attn. Bed & breakfast from 12s. 6d. Meals optional.

FOR girls first studying in London after leaving school: Private house run under direction of owner as small Residential Club has 2 vacancies after Xmas. Box 5366.

LONDON. Superior guest house, 27 Philbeach Gdns., Earls Court, S.W.5. Tel. FRO. 7579. Bed and Breakfast, 15s.

INTERNATIONAL Hostel, 1, Oldham Rd., W.10. (LAD. 3104), Metro Latimer Road, has vacancies nightly, 6s. 6d. bed & breakfast, or weekly 35s. sharing.

MUSWELL Hill. Very large bed-sit., fine view. Cooking stove, meter. Two minutes bus and Highgate Woods. TUD. 6169.

YOUNG pianist (f) offers young woman of similar cultural interests share of s/c St. John's Wood flat, 3gns. CUN. 0785.

YOUNG professional woman wishes share with another her comfortable furnished 3-roomed flat, N.W.3. Box 5759.

BAYSWATER, overlg. gdns. in newly-built house. Delightful furn. flatlet. Built-in wardrobes. H. & c., etc. Prof./bus. lady. Everything new. 3gns. p.w. BAYswater 4617.

LARGE, well-furnished ground floor bed-sit., with piano. Share kit., bathrm. Notting Hill. Avail. yng. business woman or student. Vacant Jan. £3 7s. 6d. p.w. Box 5563.

LARGE attractive bed-sitt. room, furn., every convenience, suit one or two prof. or bus. gentlemen. Near buses and tube. Private house, Brondesbury. WILlesden 5221.

TO let, for 4 months only, fully furn. cottage on South Coast. Every convenience. Reduced rent of £8 wkly. Box 5616.

DO you know of any reas. unfurn./furn. accom. suitable yng. grad. couple? London. Suggestions welc. Please write Box 5659.

YOUNG economist, married, resp. accustom, in London, pref. Hampstead, furn./unfurn., poss. share flat. Wife lecturing at other university occasionally coming over for weekends. Box 5645.

PROFESSIONAL couple require s.-c. unfurn. flat (2 or 3 rooms, kitchen, bath) in London, pref. Hampstead area. Box 5647.

FURN./Unfurn. s/c flat, S.E. London, suppl. by yng. lady. Wd. share. Box 5627.

PROF. couple seek furnished/unfurnished flat/house London area. Box 5721.

S. AFRICAN couple want small furn. flat London, Jan. to May. Box 5722.

WTD.: Widow and daughter req. 2 unfurn. rms. pref. s/c. Pleas. reliable tenants. Ealing Broadway district, or reas. travelling distance to S. Kensington. Box 5703.

PROPERTIES FOR SALE

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